YANK

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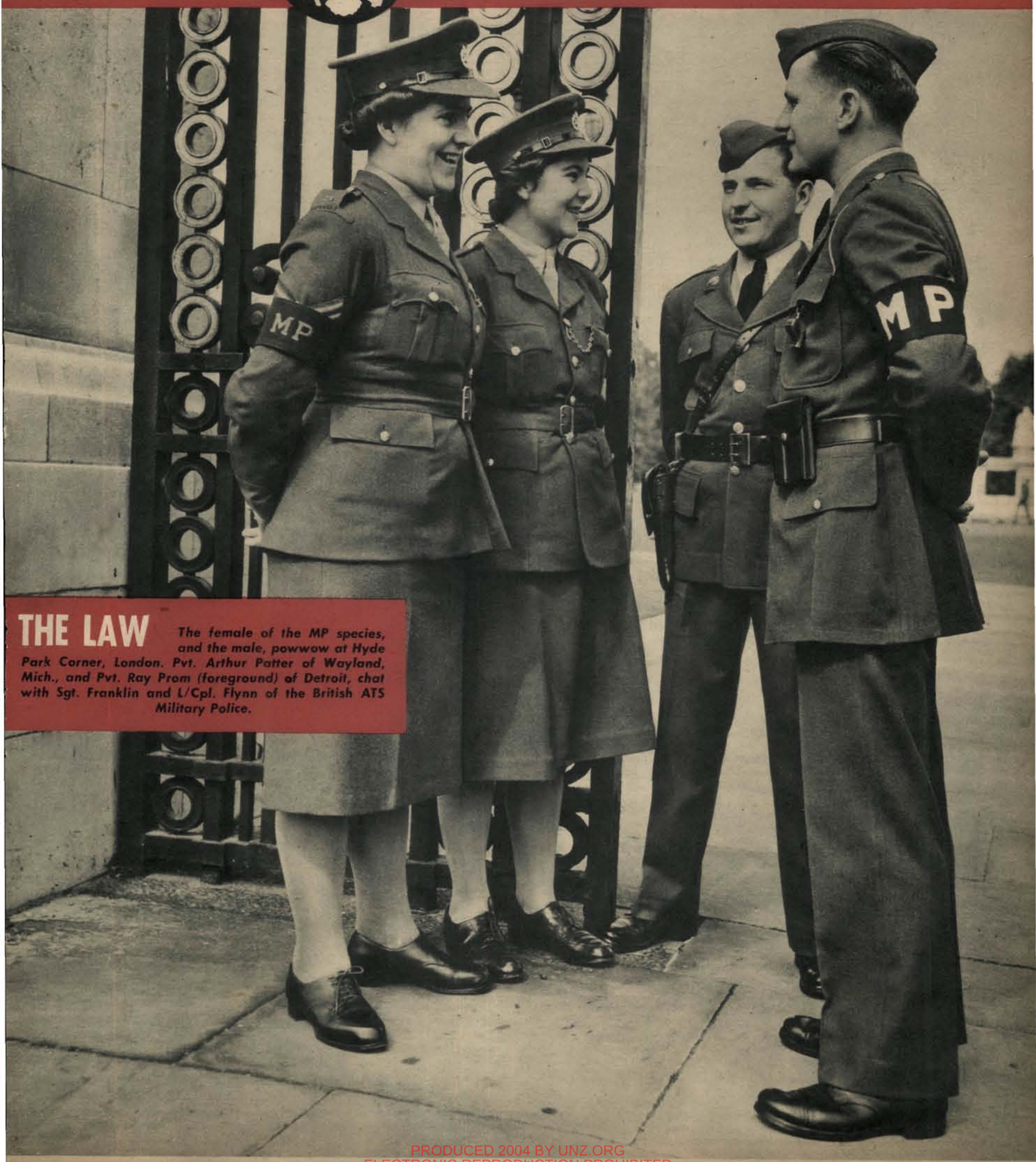
By the men . . for the men in the service



THE LAW *The female of the MP species, and the male, powwow at Hyde Park Corner, London. Pvt. Arthur Patter of Wayland, Mich., and Pvt. Ray Prom (foreground) of Detroit, chat with Sgt. Franklin and L/Cpl. Flynn of the British ATS Military Police.*

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Defenders of Guadalcanal Hold Off Jap Invaders

AFTER SUPPER, which had included a reasonably thick steak, coffee that at least was hot and a dessert that the cook alleged was pudding, the Marines lighted their Japanese cigarettes. Then they listened to a shortwave news broadcast and played a few games of blackjack, two bits each.

By 10 it was quiet on Guadalcanal. Some of the men were flung out on the ground under pup tents, some in caves dug on the sides of the hills, some on hammocks strung between cocoanut palms.

Two hours later every Marine on the island heard the sound of battle. An advance enemy fleet of cruisers, destroyers and transports had been sighted off Savo Island, heading for Guadalcanal. A few minutes later a U. S. Navy task force intercepted and sank one heavy cruiser, four destroyers and a transport. Word came back that at least one Nipponese force had been stopped.

But that was only the beginning. The Japanese counteroffensive, expected since the Marines landed at Guadalcanal, Tulagi, Gavutu and Tanambogo early in August, had begun.

Since Aug. 9 scarcely a day had passed when there were not Jap attacks from the air or raids from the sea. Nearly every night there were forays by Jap jungle snipers. If the Nipponese roving the island did not come, the Marines went out looking for them. There were duels off shore between U. S. dive bombers and enemy cruisers almost incessantly.

Most of the Jap fury was spent on Guadalcanal. The airport there, which was the main enemy objective, was only a strip between two rivers on the northern shore. Marine holdings extended seven or eight miles in length and four or five in depth on the mountainous insect-infested lob of land that is 80 miles long and 25 miles wide at most points.

By U. S. standards the airfied is a sorry affair. Its landing strips are dumpy dirt and coral, and the entire area has been pitted and rutted by bombs.

Both the Marines and the men from Tokyo know, however, that whoever holds the airport rules the air in the Solomons and the neighboring waters. An enemy air force there could cover a fleet while warships and transports rounded the southeastern tip of New Guinea to strike at Port Moresby, Allied stronghold just north of Australia. Bombers based on Guadalcanal would be within striking distance of the New Hebrides, New Caledonia and the Fiji Islands to the south, where American troops now are stationed.

Under Jap domination the amateurish airfield, which was nearly completed by Jap "termites" when the Marines took over, would be the southern anchor of a battle line extending all the way from the Asiatic Coast and a possible point of departure for a drive on U. S. Pacific supply lines. In the hands of the United Nations it would be a spot from which to begin rolling the Nipponese back to Tokyo.

But holding it is no easy job. After the Jap fleet near Savo was turned back, enemy planes came over to bomb the airfield again.

Many of their bombers and fighters were lost, however; more than 300 have been felled since August. And the Japanese were unable to prevent the landing of U. S. Army troops and planes, and reinforcements of food and supplies.

On Oct. 14, American planes sighted more Japanese warships and transports in the nearby waters, including a large concentration off Shortland Island, 260 miles to the northwest.

Jap troops had been landed on Guadalcanal almost nightly for weeks. Early next morning an enemy fleet force, including at least one battleship, escorted transports to the northern shore only a few miles from the American stronghold there and proceeded to land large reinforcements of troops, including artillery.

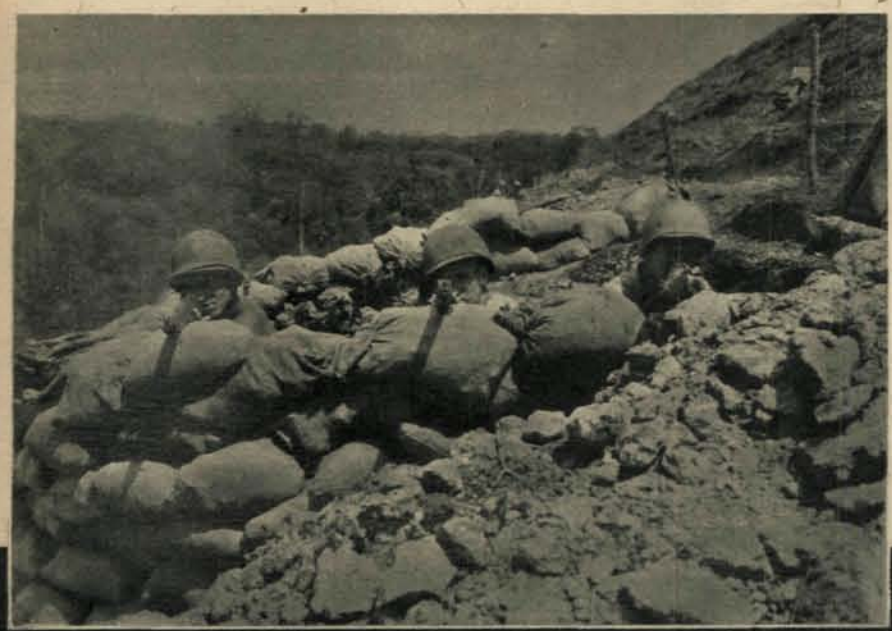
U. S. planes attacked, set fire to three transports and damaged the battleship, but the enemy had left its fresh army to reinforce the several thousand Jap troops already on the island. By Friday the new men went into action and began shelling American positions.

Land forces of two fighting nations were digging in for battle. Scores of bombers, probably both carrier- and land-based types, were ready for action. Formidable portions of the navies of two sea-going powers were apparently lying in wait in the shark-infested waters of the Solomons. This was to be the most important battle of the Pacific since Bataan.

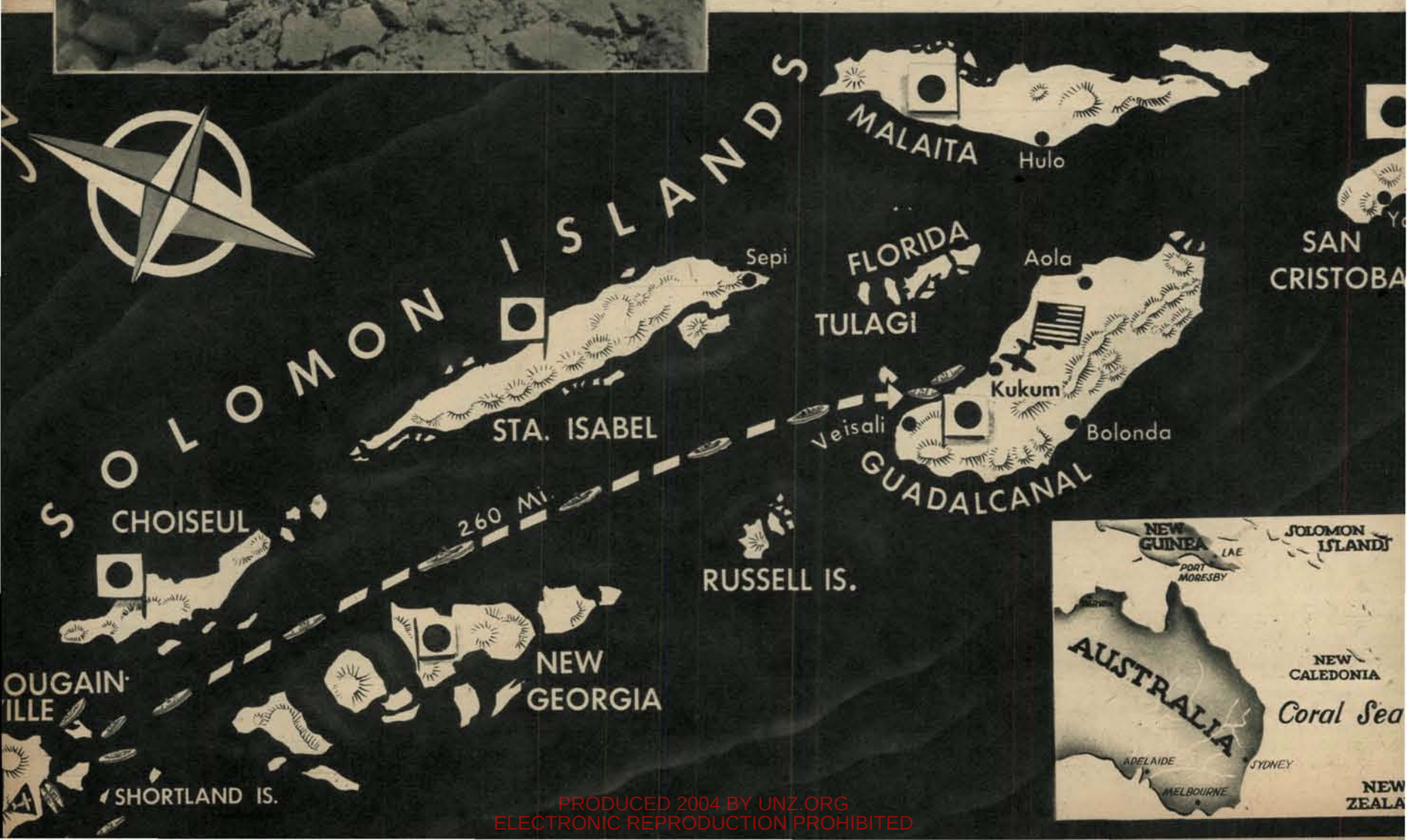
Secretary of Navy Frank Knox refused to predict the outcome. The defenders of Guadalcanal will give a good account of themselves, he said, but added: "It is a hard fight."

Maj. Gen. Alexander A. Vandegrift, Marine commander, told his men:

"God favors the bold and strong of heart."



With the support of Army troops and planes, U. S. Marines, like the riflemen shown at the left in a foxhole at Guadalcanal, are holding off an ever - increasing force of Japs in the most important battle of the Pacific since Bataan.



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See You in Berlin

YOUNG RUSSIAN MARINE TELLS HOW HE STOPPED NAZI ADVANCE SINGLE-HANDED BY MACHINE-GUNNING 73 OF THE ENEMY

CONSTANTIN KOSTANTINOV, the 17-year-old Russian Marine who contributed this story of his battle experience to YANK, looks like a high school kid but he is one of the great heroes of the Soviet Union. Single handed, this frail youngster manned a machine gun and stopped a crucial German advance, killing 73 Nazis and actually making possible a Soviet counteroffensive last Winter on the Tikhvin front. He has been awarded the Order of the Red Banner, a decoration similar to our Distinguished Service Cross, which will be given to him soon by Marshal Voroshilov.

As you can see from his picture, Pvt. Kostantinov and other Soviet Marines wear a sailor uniform, except for that striped shirt which shows through the open throat of his jumper. The striped shirt is the distinguishing mark of a Soviet Marine. Soviet Marines make sure to display their unique badge at all times so that people won't mistake them for ordinary soldiers or sailors. Even in the coldest winter weather, they walk around with their overcoats unbuttoned at the neck, showing off that bit of striped shirt. They don't care if they catch pneumonia as long as everybody knows that they are Marines. Just like our U.S. leathernecks.

By PVT. CONSTANTIN KOSTANTINOV
Soviet Russian Marines

I WAS 17 years old when the Germans came. Since then, I have killed 74 of them—73 with a Maxim heavy machine gun, one with my Degtarev automatic rifle. But 74 is not enough.

Not until every German within the borders of my homeland is a dead German—not until the invincible Russian and American Armies, together with our British and Chinese comrades, converge on the enemy and crush him so that he will never be able to rise again—not until then will I cease to be a killer and return to the carefree high-school life I once enjoyed in the city of Leningrad.

I was just like any American high-school student. Mornings I studied in a Leningrad high school. Afternoons I worked as a skilled mechanic in the great Kirov munitions plant. Evenings I painted, or went to lectures, or attended parties and motion pictures with the other boys and girls of my neighborhood.

Then the Germans came. Bombs dropped on Leningrad. And I only wanted to kill Germans.

Since I was two years below the enlistment age I had to get my mother's permission. She protested at first that I was too young, that my older brother Sascha and my two brothers-in-law were already in the Army. But I only wanted to kill Germans—and finally she gave her consent.

I was classified by the conscription board as a Marine and sent to the Kronstadt Naval Base on July 10.

I was given a month's training as a naval mechanic. Then I saw action.

It was at the city of Tallinn, Esthonia. The exhausted Red Army in Tallinn was completely surrounded by the German hordes, and it seemed that they were cut off from all hope of reinforcement. But one night several hundred of us Marines were marched aboard every available vessel of the Baltic fleet at Kronstadt, and we set sail for the Esthonian capital. The following night we arrived. We landed at Tallinn, and for six days and six nights we fought a delaying action against an army outnumbering us, 100 to 1.

We fought and held them off while the weary Red Army men climbed aboard the warships with the women and children and as much equipment as they could carry. The Germans fought us with the desperate fury of men watching a rich prize slip through their fingers. They hurled tanks, mortars, machine guns and heavy artillery at us. We were attacked by groups of 70 or 80 dive bombers at a time. It was a living hell. But six days later we watched the last transport slip from the harbor with its precious cargo, and we knew we had done our job well. A thousand Soviet

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Marines had held off 100,000 Germans. This was a Dunkirk you haven't heard very much about.

There were only 400 of us now—a suicide detachment left behind to die. But we didn't want to die. We wanted to kill more Germans. So we decided to fight our way through, by land, to Leningrad, 180 miles away. We had no food, little ammunition, but that night we attacked. The surprised Germans fell back before our automatic-rifle assault—and 300 of us crashed through into the Esthonian forests beyond.

Four Days in Hospital, Then Back to Front

We traveled through those forests for three days and three nights—never stopping for more than a few minutes' rest. We ate wild mushrooms and berries. Finally we staggered into the Orenbaum Naval Base, to the west of Leningrad. A guard, not recognizing our tattered uniforms, thought we were Fascists and fired on us. But as soon as our identities were established, we were rushed to the base hospital. There we spent four days recovering. We were so weak and famished when we arrived that the doctors had difficulty restraining us from gorging ourselves. In fact, my comrade, Vassily Novikoff, actually became ill from overeating.

But the Germans were closing in on Leningrad, and we were needed at the front. So in four days we were discharged from the hospital and formed into a battalion bearing the heroic name Tallinists in honor of our stand at Tallinn. I was assigned to a mine-thrower (heavy mortar) company. This was difficult for me because I was so small and I had to carry the heavy parts of the mine-throwers. One day our captain, Comdr. Spasoff, noticed this and said, "You are such a little boy that from now on I think we will use you to correct our mortar fire. You can climb a tree or a rooftop, and the enemy will never see you without a magnifying glass."

I was so glad to be rid of the task of carrying mine-throwers that it didn't occur to me how dangerous this new job could be. I had to crawl out within a hundred yards of the enemy. Then I would climb a tree and report the results of our battery's fire to a telephonist at the base of the tree. He would phone the information to battery headquarters where they would correct the fire.

Once I was so close to a German battalion headquarters that I could hear them talking. They were clustered around a big German major wearing a fancy mackinaw and expensive leather boots. He was showing them pictures and they were laughing. I hated the arrogant major just by looking at him. I worked out a pattern of fire and telephoned instructions back to the battery. The first projectile dropped about two yards from the major. The other Germans scattered in all directions, screaming and jabbering—not at all like the supermen they claimed to be.

Following my pattern of fire, two more projectiles dropped to the left and two more to the right.

There were no more Germans.

Just tatters of the German major's mackinaw—in the place where the major had been.

I was so excited at this point that I became careless and leaned forward through the branches of the tree. This gave away my position to the enemy, and they began firing at me. Bullets zipped through the branches and tore the remaining dead leaves from the twigs. Before I realized it I was hit. A rifle bullet passed through my knee. I didn't know what to do. If I made my way slowly down the tree, I would certainly be killed by the Germans' fire. If I dropped the 25 meters to the ground, I would certainly be killed by the fall. I decided to take my chances with the fall.

I dropped.

The branches of the tree broke the fall, and my telephonist carried me in.

How They Kept Warm in Dead of Winter

This was Oct. 29, 1941. We had halted the Germans in their tracks on this sector for 25 days.

When I got out of the hospital on Nov. 18, my outfit, the Tallinnists, had moved to the Volkhov front, south of Leningrad and west of Tikhvin. It was the dead of Winter, and the Germans were still inching forward. They attacked constantly, as if they were reaching desperately for the warm homes of Leningrad. It was bitter cold and the snow piled up until it was nearly four feet deep. We were warm. The Germans were not. We wore thick cotton trousers and a cotton shirt and sweater beneath our uniforms. For outer clothing, we had a heavy woolen overcoat, and a white fur robe for camouflage. The robe also served as our blanket at night. Thick felt boots kept our feet warm and dry.

One day a half-frozen German in the trenches opposite us held up a cardboard sign which said in crude Russian: "Russians! I will trade my fine automatic rifle for one pair of your felt boots." I immediately took a piece of charcoal and sketched this answer: "German! The only deal we will consider is Adolf Hitler's hide for one pair of felt boots." When the German saw this he raised himself out of the trench and shook his fist at us.

I killed him with one shot from my Degtarev.

We lived in trenches about 10 meters long, with a roof consisting of three layers of timbers. Six of us slept in each of these dugouts. Wrapped in our fur robes, we were quite warm. When on outpost duty, we merely dug a hole in the snow and crawled in with our robes around us. The snow acted as insulation against the cold. These were things the Germans never learned.

I was wounded twice here on the Volkhov front. The first time we were under heavy mortar fire by the Germans. Suddenly Comdr. Spasoff gave us the order to cease firing and to lie immovable—as if the battalion were annihilated. I lay still for a while, but then I became restless and raised my head. Just then a German projectile dropped nearby and a fragment struck me full in the face. I covered my face with my arm. I was afraid to look, for fear my entire jaw had been shot away. Our *saninstruktors* (medical soldiers) tried to pry my arm away from my face, but the pain and the blood made me so frightened I wouldn't let go. Finally Comdr. Spasoff came over and ordered me to lower my arm. He looked at my face. "It's just a slight cut on your lip," he said. "Perhaps *that*, my little schoolboy, will teach you to keep your head down."

It did.

I was wounded again on Nov. 16. This time a shell fragment ripped my right thigh, just above the knee. I was in the hospital for 15 days—but I got out in time to meet the last great German offensive of 1941, aimed at our sector on Dec. 7, the day of Pearl Harbor.

Machine Gunner Dead, He Takes Over

Six hundred of them attacked at our narrow sector. We had been whittled down to less than 100 men, and one Maxim machine gun (7-mm. equal to the U.S. .30 caliber). The Germans launched what they call a "psychological attack," that is, advancing erect behind a terrific artillery barrage, immediately replacing all losses, and thus striking terror into the hearts of the defenders, who think the Germans are an irresistible tide and flee.

Vassily Novikoff and I were firing our Degtarevs from the base of a tree. (Our company was holding the edge of a wood.) Beside us was the machine gun, manned by its crew of three. On and on the Germans came—across an open field. Shells dropped all around us and the air was filled with snow, dust and flying debris.

Suddenly I became conscious of a peculiar silence. I looked up and my heart nearly stopped. The machine gun was no longer firing. The gunner was dead, and the second and third gunners seriously wounded! A mortar projectile had landed a few yards away. And the Germans were nearly on us!

For an instant I thought. Then, half conscious of what I was doing, I dove into the machine-gun emplacement. Both hands froze to the gun, and it began to spit at the enemy. Bitter hatred welled up within me as I watched them fall. I don't know how I did it, but somehow I managed to man the gun alone. I fed another belt of ammunition into the gun. Then another. More Germans fell.

"Get down, you swine!" I shrieked. "Get down you supermen! Fall to the ground and take cover! Not even supermen can withstand a hail of hot Russian lead!"

I was hysterical. They threw hand grenades at me, but they fell short. I kept firing. More Germans fell. Finally they dropped to the ground and took cover. I sank back weakly in the slit trench.

The German attack was broken.

It was then and only then that I became conscious of a strange thing. Three other machine guns had moved up and had opened fire beside me. Overhead hundreds of Soviet shells screamed toward the enemy. Soviet planes roared over the horizon. Tanks rumbled forward and an endless line of Soviet Marines moved past me and up toward the fleeing Germans.

Credited With Breaking German Advance

A moment later Comdr. Spasoff came up and threw his arms around me. With him was a major general of Marines. "Gen. Ksenski," he said, "this is my little schoolboy who stayed out here and manned our machine gun when the rest of the battalion was forced to retreat. Single-handed he broke the back of the German advance until your men arrived to counterattack. He killed 73 Germans by himself."

I had not even realized I was alone.

The general took me to his own dugout where he gave me some brandy to steady my nerves. Then I moved ahead with the counterattack. The counterattack did not end until it had pushed the Germans back more than 70 kilometers.

On the 13th day of the counterattack I was severely wounded in the left leg—and evacuated to a base hospital. There I read in the papers that I had been awarded the Order of the Red Banner.

I still have not received the decoration from Marshal Voroshilov because I have been too busy fighting. Right now I am recovering from a recurrence of the wound in my left leg.

I cannot wait to get back into action.

I want to kill more Germans.

See you in Berlin, Tovarich!

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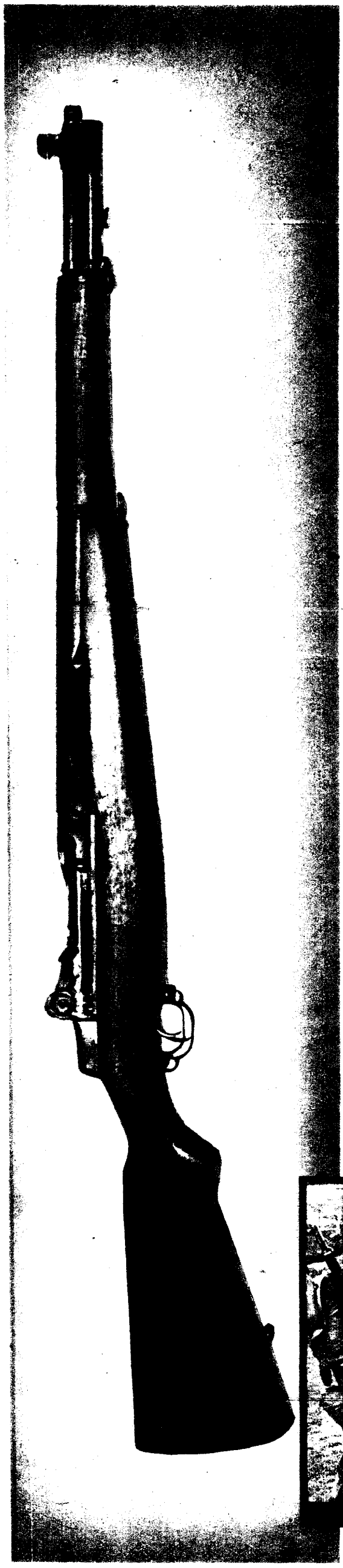
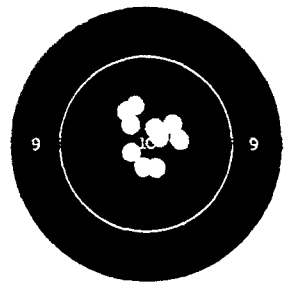


They Can't Beat Our Rifle



M1

It took a long time to convince some skeptics, but now they know the army's Garand is the best fighting rifle in the world.

By SGT. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—There was one trouble with our rifle, the M1, from the very beginning. It was *so* good that nobody believed it.

Compared with the old Springfield, the British Enfield, the German Mauser and the Japanese Arisaka, it was like an M4 tank compared with a 1918 jalopy. The old bolt-action jobs just weren't in the same class with the semi-automatic Garand —especially the Mauser. According to targeting overseer Jack Lacy here at the Winchester plant, where they make the M1: "the German Army can turn out a hundred Mausers for what one Garand costs. It's the same as buying a 10-cent whistle, and then paying a hundred dollars for a fine-toned horn." In accuracy and toughness the M1 was the equal of the Springfield 1903. In fire-power, it was 3½ times its superior.

It was so good that nobody believed it.

That is, nobody except its inventor, John C. Garand, the Army General Staff in Washington, and the world's finest rifle craftsmen at the Springfield Armory and here at Winchester.

These men of Winchester sat patiently and listened to the criticisms of their rifle, which they *knew* was the best rifle in the world—for the simple reason that they have been making the world's best rifles (by actual test) since 1866, and the M1 was far superior to any of them.

No other weapon in history has had such a tough time proving itself. The Garand was reviled from the date of its adoption by the Army in January, 1936. It was pronounced a danger to our national safety.

It was accused of (1) jamming after approximately every three shots, (2) being of such poor construction that the barrel wilted when overheated, (3) unleashing a trajectory that at 1,000 yards wobbled like a Coney Island roller coaster, and (4) having a recoil so strong that it sprayed bullets in all directions, thus placing in jeopardy the lives of all friendly personnel in the immediate vicinity.

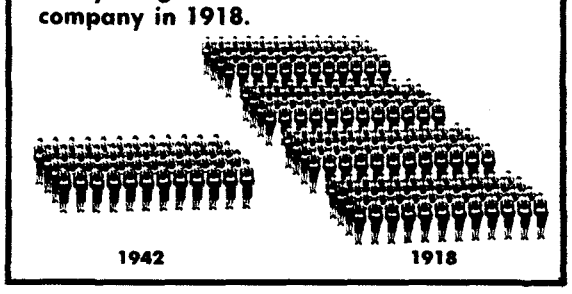
At the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry in 1938, a U. S. Marine Corps rifle team consisting of Sgts. Fisher, Blade, Cahill, Curry and Fremont, refused to use the Garand. "It is so unreliable and inaccurate," said Sgt. Curry, "that I would never take a chance with it under battle conditions."

There were bugs in the early Garands, true, but they were soon ironed out. Our enemies, however, seized on these criticisms, and black foreboding rumors about the failings of the "soldier's best friend" spread from Army post to Army post.

Then, suddenly, it all changed.

In March of 1941, the Marine Corps decided once and for all to put the M1 to the test. Together with the Springfield and two other semi-automatics, the Johnson and the Winchester, it was doused in rain and salt spray, buried in gravel and dust, dragged through wet sand and mud, and subjected to endurance firing of 9,000 consecutive rounds.

Firepower of a single M1 rifle platoon today is greater than that of a whole company in 1918.



When it was all over, the Marine Corps adopted the Garand as its official weapon.

Then a man named Douglas MacArthur sent a message from a place called Bataan. "The Garand rifle has proved itself excellent in combat in the Philippines," he said. "Under combat conditions, it operated with no mechanical defects, and when used in foxholes did not develop stoppages from dust and dirt. It has been in almost constant action for as much as a week with-

The Garand is the U. S. soldier's best friend all over the world these days.

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In the Winchester plant at New Haven, Jack Lacy tests a newly-made Garand.

out cleaning or lubrication. It has been found to be superior to the older Springfield."

In 1940, the Marine Corps rifle team consisting of Sgts. Fisher, Blade, Cahill, Curry and Fremont won the National Rifle Championship with a record score, for the third consecutive year. They used Garands.

In 1942, Sgts. Cahill, Curry and Fremont died in action Somewhere in the South Pacific. Before they died, their rifles had taken a toll of an incredible number of Japs. Their rifles were Garands.

The Garand has come of age. Everyone recognizes it now for the wonderful weapon it is. And the craftsmen of Winchester, who knew what a great gun it was all the time, have settled down to turning it out on a mass production basis. Thousands of finished, perfect Garands are cosmolined, boxed and shipped from here every week. Thousands more leave the Springfield Armory, in Springfield, Mass. Many units in active theaters of operations are now equipped with them—and the firepower of a single rifle platoon is thus actually greater than a full company in World War I.

The Germans and the Japanese have nothing that can come near matching the semi-automatic M1. (The best our enemies can come up with is a 5-round bolt-action rifle, developed at the beginning of the century, and modeled along the same lines as our Springfield '03.) They eye the M1 longingly, but this is one weapon they never can hope to imitate. As processing engineer Bill Cook puts it, "there isn't another nation that can *afford* the complicated machinery and fine material necessary to make a fine semi-automatic rifle like the Garand—especially several million of them."

The metal parts of the M1 are forged from the toughest, highest grade steel it is possible to produce. "It's so tough," says Henry Martel, who has been making drill shanks for Winchester for the past 47 years, "that my drill heads last just about half as long, and 200 per cent better workmanship is required."

The wood for the stock of the Garand is fine American walnut, purchased in 30-inch planks fresh from the lumber camps. The planks are placed in big metal kilns, 13,000 to the kiln, and for 50 days they are dried in circulating hot-air currents. Then each plank is shaped, turned, polished and oiled, until it, too, is ready for assembly.

In assembly, each defective part is caught by super-sensitive gauges and thrown out. Then the assembled gun is subjected to actual target firing by some of the nation's leading marksmen. All along the way, War Department inspectors check each operation and gauge with precision instruments. If the rifle successfully passes these merciless tests, it is doused in cosmoline and made ready for shipment.

How Does The Garand Stand Up Under Real Combat Conditions?

HOW well does the Garand meet the test in action against the enemy? Let Gen. Douglas MacArthur answer that one. An official War Department communique of Feb. 22, 1942, released during the height of the Battle of Bataan, quoted MacArthur as saying that the Garand proved itself excellent under combat conditions, far superior to the older Springfield.

"In certain instances, the Garand has been in almost constant action in the Philippines for as much as a week without cleaning or lubrication but it did not develop stoppages from dust and dirt," MacArthur's report added.

High praise for the M1 came recently, too, from Cpl. Franklin M. Koons, the American ranger of Dieppe fame, who was the first Yank soldier in this war decorated for bravery by the British government. "I seldom missed when I was firing," he said. "It worked excellently. I don't think there's a better rifle."

The Garand at Bataan

It Takes a Lot of Experts To Make a Garand Rifle

Handling these operations are Winchester's master gunsmiths. Most of them began working here when they were boys. Many come from generations of gunsmiths and metal workers. They perform each operation with the assured finesse of a skilled surgeon. They work on a gun as if they were creating a delicate living thing. Of them 751 are veterans of the last war. One-third of them have been making guns here for a quarter century or more. Maj. John A. Gellatly, the ordnance officer in charge of the plant, worked here as an expert toolmaker long before World War I. When he was drafted as a private back in 1918, the Army took one look at this

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Maj. Gellatly.

fine gunsmith and, scratching its head, wondered what the devil to do with him.

For a few days the Army deliberated. Then it put Pvt. Gellatly on a train headed for some unknown destination. When he arrived at the destination, Pvt. Gellatly almost fell over. He was back at the Winchester plant. His orders stated that he was to function as an assistant Army inspector of ordnance. This was a highly technical position, exclusively held by officers of captain or lieutenant rank. Pvt. Gellatly did a bang-up job.

Today, as a major, Pvt. Gellatly is back, supervising production at the head of several hundred assistants. Since he came here last year, not a single M1 has been found defective while being test-fired in final inspection. Not a singe M1 from the Winchester plant has ever been returned from the field. According to one 50-year employee at the plant, "the major's so fussy that we disqualify enough defective material here to keep another shop alive. But the guns we turn out are never less than perfect."

Typical of the precision worker required for every operation is John Romanik, a Polish immigrant who came to this country in 1902. He is soaked and splattered with oil all day, as he tends 16 machines drilling precision bores in 16 M1 barrels, all at the same time. Romanik knows what he is doing. He has been performing this same function for 17 years.

William H. Allender is an Englishman who came to the U. S. in 1907. 61-year-old William Allender is a barrel straightener. By looking through a barrel at a line marked on a window, he can detect every slight deviation in the smooth shiny bore. He then corrects the deviation with deftly applied pressure. William Allender has been straightening barrels for Winchester since 1910. About three years ago, an incorrect barrel was sent back to him from

Allender.

final inspection, and he almost broke down and cried. His family has been metal-workers and royal armorers in England since the days of Henry VIII.

Louis Lubinow is 63 years old, and his job is the precision honing of reamers. After the rifle bore is drilled to a diameter of .289 inch, it goes through four machine-reaming processes, in which the bore is enlarged to .292, .295, .299 and finally to .30, the final caliber of the rifle. It is Louis Lubinow's job to see that the reaming heads are honed to these exact dimensions—correct to the thousandth of an inch.

About six months ago, Louis Lubinow showed up at his bench looking pale and weak. He struggled through the day, turning out the required amount of honed reamers. Then he went home. The next morning he didn't show up at the plant for the first time in 21 years. During the night Louis Lubinow had suffered a wrenching heart attack that left him just barely clinging to life. The doctor said: "No more work, Louis. From now on you do nothing but rest—or you're finished."

Gunsmith Lubinow rested for five months. Then one morning he walked weakly into the

Lubinow.

Winchester plant. Without saying a word, he sat down at his workbench and began honing reamers. He's been there ever since.

That's the way they all feel here about the making of guns. It's almost a religion with them. Sixty-year-old Fred Schifferdecker, who works at a huge six-foot whetstone, can tell by the feel of it just when a barrel is ground to the right dimensions. Gauges prove that he has

Schifferdecker.

never been wrong. Dave Carlson, world's champion small-bore rifle champion, gave up his test-shooting job and went to the company's trade school with youngsters 15 years his junior, to become a gun toolmaker, as his father had been before him. Twenty-six years ago, German citizen Paul Hausmann answered the German Army's demand that he return to Germany for military service, by becoming an American citizen and going to work as a hand-reamer at Winchester, to make guns to *kill* Germans. Mildred Carlson, who sang with Newt Perry's orchestra

Miss Carlson.

as Sheri Lang, came here to work when the entire band went into the Army. She dips the finished gunstocks into messy linseed oil, and sings for other workers during the 15-minute lunch period.

Twelve hundred men of Winchester have already gone into the armed forces. One of them, Bernie Reed, used to dip the guns in cosmoline, a fact which he probably never will live down. Those left behind make precision-perfect M1s for the sons and grandsons they know will be using them Somewhere in the World. Chris Holton, a grinder, has six grandsons in the service, the oldest of whom was cut down at Pearl Harbor brandishing one of his grandfather's Garands at the enemy.

Perhaps the most capable authority on the workmanship and performance of the new Garand is Jack Lacy, targetting overseer and chief test shooter at the plant. Lacy holds no less than eight world's shooting records, and he placed second in the National Open Rifle Matches the last time they were held in 1941. In Lacy's department a group of qualified marksmen take each finished rifle and fire it at a 5-inch bull on a target 100 yards away. If the test shooter cannot put a group of five shots within three inches of the bull, the rifle is sent back for complete check and reassembling.

Lacy has been in competition for 20 years, and holds the National Distinguished Marksmen's Medal, as did his father before him. He fired the first Garand, and practically every one that has come off the production line since. At first, like everyone else, he didn't like the M1. It was too revolutionary, like switching suddenly from a fine hunting rifle to a .30 caliber machine gun. Today Lacy demonstrates the remarkable efficiency of the Garand at Army posts, and can do everything with it but make it sit up and talk.

He can't even look at his first love, the Springfield, any more. It's like an antique. For every feature claimed by the die-hard Springfield backers, he can point out two features on the Garand. The sights are incomparably better, loading is much easier, it doesn't heat up as fast, you can fire the Garand all day without feeling the recoil, there is no working of the bolt to detract from accuracy, and it can be fired dry without oiling.

"This gun," says Lacy, patting the Garand

Lacy.

lovingly on its stock, "is converting every American soldier into a remarkably accurate machine-gun nest.

"This gun is going to win the war."

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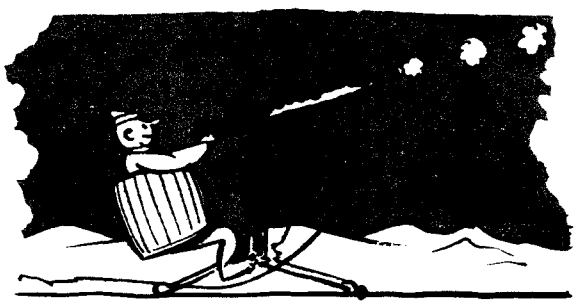
IN MIDDLE EAST, Sgt. L. L. Barton, RAAF, and Sgt. J. J. Beatty, of Trenton, N. J., drink after winning Soldiers Medal for rescuing comrades from fire.

IN INDIA, U. S. teach Chinese fighters how to handle modern weapons. Here, Sgt. Edward Kochanic, of Salamanca, N. Y., instructs .30-cal. MG class.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM ICELAND ALERT TO AUSTRALIAN PETS

Monotony Broken In Iceland When An Enemy Plane Is Sighted



SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND — The Base Command Forces up here hopped into combat positions on a quiet Sunday in October and staged one of the best displays of anti-aircraft firing Iceland has ever seen.

Reykjavik was covered with a heavy screen of projectiles for more than 40 minutes and after the smoke finally cleared away, the Army explained all the excitement with a brief official announcement:

"A hostile four-motored plane appeared over the Iceland area."

That polite statement from headquarters didn't sound much like the remarks of the dogfaces around this post as they grabbed up their helmets, arms, gas masks and ran off for their battle stations when the alert signal sounded.

They were plenty sore but still they seemed to welcome this taste of action after so many months of dull and boring guard duty.

"Boy, this is the real thing!" a Manitowoc Pfc. from the Signal Corps yelled as the percussions of the anti-aircraft guns knocked a bedroll off the shelf in his Nissen hut.

"Let those sons of b——s come," growled an Infantry private from Niagara Falls. "Hey, it's the Fourth of July," cried another soldier in the kitchen as he dropped the pan he was scrubbing and dashed out the door to his gun post.

An artilleryman from Noblesville, Ind., was enjoying an off-duty snooze when all the shooting started. He woke up, rubbing his eyes and yawning, and demanded, "Who's firing stones at this hut?" A corporal with lather all over his face ran to his post without completing his shave, saying, "I hope they don't blow up them OCS papers of mine. I've been sweating them out for a long time."

A Milwaukee Pfc. and a New York T-5 left a ping-pong ball hanging in mid air in the day room. The alert broke up a conference between a private and two colonels, none of them waiting to salute after finishing the business on hand, and caught two T-4s from Superior, Wis., and Durham, N. C., under the showers, reaching for the soap and humming a tune.

"I was very disappointed when that alert sounded," said a private in the Infantry from Chicago's North Side. "I had my field pack on my back, just starting on a hike. I had to drop that pack and grab my rifle and take off when them guns opened up. Yeah, was I disappointed."

Most of the G. I.s were pleased by the excitement even though it interrupted their sleep, card playing, writing of love letters and bull sessions. After the raid, the latrines buzzed with wild stories about the number of enemy planes that were shot down by this guy and that guy, but there was no official announcement of the results of the ack-ack sharpshooting.

YANK'S ICELAND CORRESPONDENT

This Is No G.I. Pipe Dream: The Women Wash the Dishes Here

SOMEWHERE IN BRITAIN—There is a paradise over here where KP is merely a nostalgic rumor and where you get up from the table like a gentleman and leave your plates where you last dipped bread in them. They are left there for other, non-military folk to collect, and if that isn't paradise, then what is it?

Like heaven, its location must remain a secret but we are privileged to give you a few graphic details just to whet your appetite.

This place has female personnel to peel potatoes, do the cooking, wash the pots and pans, clean, scrub, scour and smile toward you meanwhile. They do everything but feed you with a spoon and stand at the doorways passing out chewing gum to aid your digestion.

Bear in mind that this is a military mess hall. It is not the Savoy Hotel in London. It is not a canteen run by the Red Cross or something cooked up by the USO. Members of the female personnel are neither actresses, debutantes nor kindly old ladies wanting to do something for the war effort. The whole thing is strictly G.I. (Where have we heard that phrase before?)

It is a regulation mess hall used by Americans at a RAF (rhymes with laugh) Airdrome and it serves regulation food to soldiers. This seems to be the customary practice throughout the RAF. The food the day we were there for lunch consisted of two optional fares—one cold snack, the other hot meat.

The cold plate, a sort of uniformed smorgasbord, was on a help-yourself basis as in a Piggly-Wiggly store. Its table was off to one side of the main serving line. Therefore it was never crowded to the point of sweating chow lines. There, arrayed in all their glory, were slices of ham, spam, bologna and potato salad, if your enlisted majesty felt like cold lunch.

Personally we felt like a good hot meal so we grabbed a tray and passed the hot-food counter which was operated very much like the hot-food counter of Bishop's cafeteria in Davenport, Iowa. The girls were lined up at various compartments —one soup girl, one vegetable girl, one hamburger girl. The vegetarian female, in case you are interested, was the most attractive. We lingered over her long enough to be sold a bill of carrots and spinach. The hamburger girl merely slung hamburger, but we were more delighted than we can say to get a hamburger in a foreign land and went for seconds.

When we finished, we picked up our plates and started to depart.

The soldier next to me asked, "Where you goin' wit' dem plates?"

We answered civilly, "Gonna clean 'em."

He replied, "We don't carry plates around this joint."

"Who you kidding?" we asked.

"He's not kidding," said a female voice behind us in a very somewhere-United Kingdom accent.

"No?" we said weakly, gulping in about three cubic feet of British air while she picked up the tray and pranced off with it toward the kitchen.

Meanwhile we are looking for the man who said, "Women's place is in the mess hall." We

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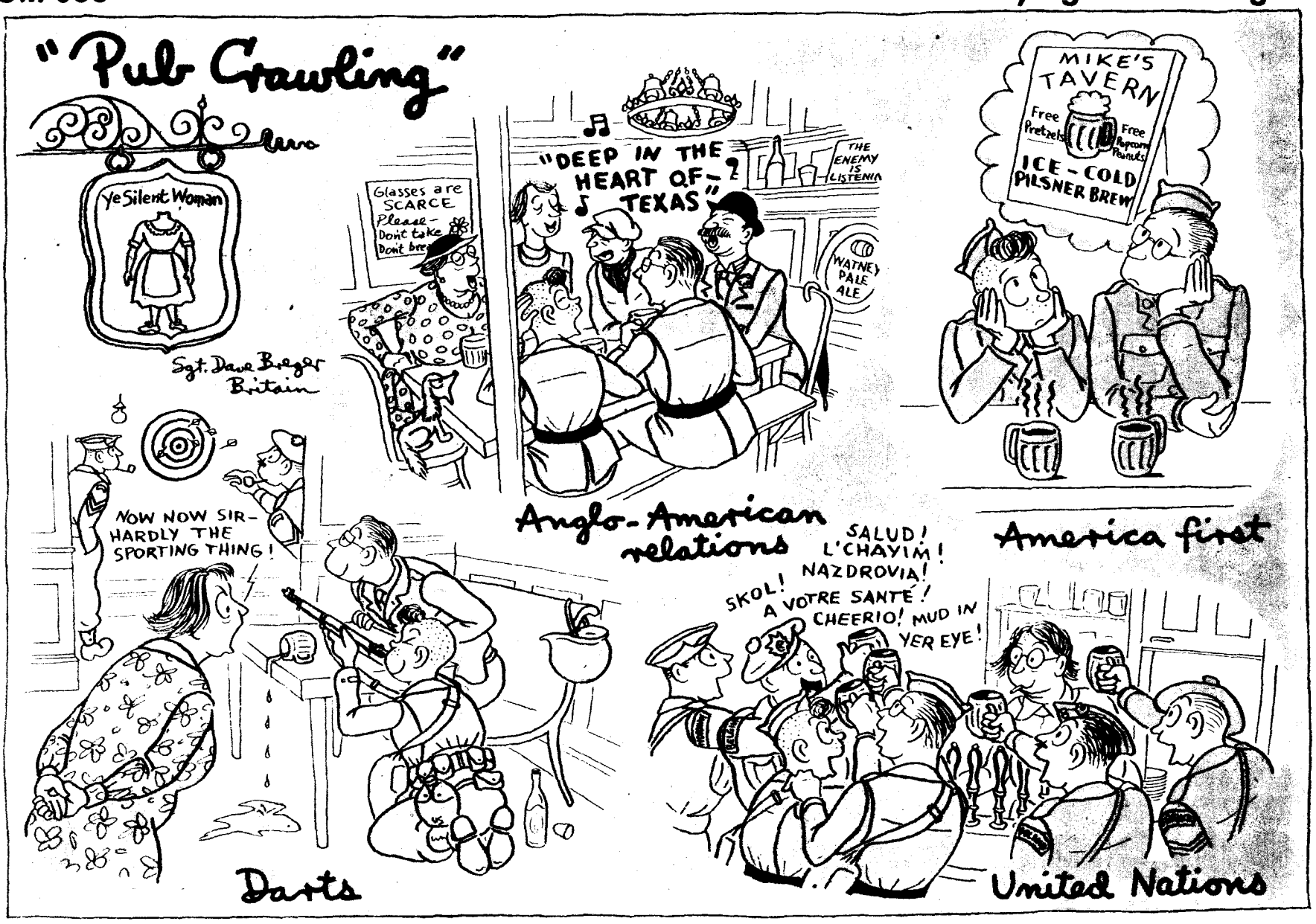


want to ferret him out and give him a real snappy salute. One like a corporal at Mitchel Field took two hard-earned days of his life to teach us.

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

Parrots, Possums, Wallabies, Koalas: Who's Zoo in Australia

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA — American troops down under are beginning to come to the reluctant conclusion that it's harder to make pets out of the native animals than to give the nomenclature of a Flying Fortress. The result has been that during the last few weeks bivouac areas which once tenderly sheltered wallabies, possums, lizards and koala bears are now prosaically accommodating few mascots other than the usual number of dogs which flock around a mess sergeant's dispensary.

When we first set up camp in the woods, it wasn't much trouble to capture some of the strange little animals with pouches on their stomachs (they call 'em marsupials) that frisked around the woods. Baby possums that somehow fell out of their mother's pouches inevitably ended up in the lap of a pfc., where they rested comfortably enough until it became evident that Mama was the only one who could do a good job of feeding the kids. We've plied possums with warm milk administered through medicine droppers and have tried to make them comfortable by rigging up a bed inside a left-handed mechanic's glove, but the possums don't seem to relish our attempts at domestication and a couple of them have died from what must have been grief, since it certainly wasn't for lack of solicitous care.

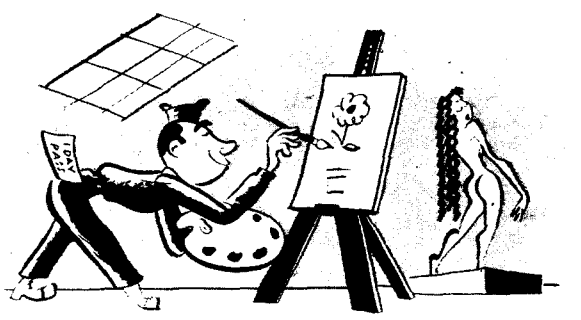
We haven't had any more luck with wallabies, which began to languish almost the instant we put them into cages we had specially built for their tenancy. By far the most trouble, however, has been stirred up on the few occasions we've tried to tame koala bears. These animated teddy bears look as if they would make admirable pets and probably would, if their keepers had time and patience enough to go around collecting blue-gum-tree leaves for them to dine on. Koalas are fussy about their food and decline to nibble at any old leaves — even at any old gum leaves. There are three kinds of gum leaves around—red, white, and blue, appropriately enough—and the koalas will have none of the red and white varieties. In order to keep a single koala happy, it would probably be necessary to detail all the telephone linesmen in Australia to put on their spiked shoes, infiltrate into a eucalyptus forest, climb to the tops of the blue gums, and bring back a barracks bag full of leafy tidbits.

Various Americans have manfully tried to make friends with parrots, rabbits, and even five-foot lizards, but the attempts have been unsatisfactory on the whole, and the five G.I.s who stubbornly kept a live lizard in their pyramidal for a week finally gave up the fight against nature and, on the advice of the fellows in the next tent, skinned their house guest. Nobody as yet has tried to become pally with a snake, but one platoon on a cross-country march killed and cooked an eight-foot specimen, as a change-off from canned rations. "It tasted halfway between rabbit and lobster," an observant epicure in the third squad later remarked.

A couple of Americans have purchased a race horse, which they propose to enter in races over here with hopes of winning a couple of trophies they can take home as souvenirs, and several other Americans have purchased less thoroughly bred horses on which they trot along haughtily in their off-hours around camp, trying to look like cavalrymen. One sway-backed old mare turned up the other day underneath a corporal who, while in charge of a detail at the side of the road, had bought it from a passing farmer for four pounds. The horse has been around ever since, and has changed hands more times than a chain letter. It was sold first to an MP who liked the idea of being a mounted policeman. Then another G.I. got it as the winning end of a side bet in a crap game. At latest reports, old Dobbin's value had gone up to six pounds, but the boys say he soon won't be worth a cent if he doesn't get out of the habit, recently formed, of poking his head late at night between the flaps of the first sergeant's tent.

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT

A One-Day Pass Down Under Is Sergeant's Ticket To Art School



SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—One-day passes are the big events in the lives of Yanks in Austrailia as they carry on intensive preparations for the day when they'll move up to fight Japs.

Sgt. F. A. Sunro gets a one-day pass every two weeks. Instead of using his day off for fun-making or sightseeing, he attends the Melbourne National Gallery Arts School. In civilian life, the 22-year-old Wisconsin soldier worked for a commercial art firm in America. He attends school here to become more skilled at his art.

This week his training was rewarded. He won first prize in the Students' Club competition at the school. His prize picture was a watercolor showing the light and shade of trees on a tent. It

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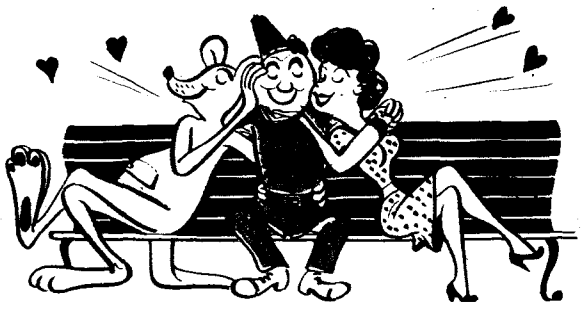
Yanks at Home and Abroad

was called an accomplished piece of work by Australian art officials, but he will keep on going to school on his one day off.

YANK's AUSTRALIAN BUREAU



Australia Is An Earthly Paradise If Marriages Are Made In Heaven

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—From the land down under came answers aplenty to the Rev. Ernest Fletcher of St. Paul's Church in England who said he couldn't understand why so many American service men were marrying Australian girls.

"Nearness makes the heart grow fonder," said a tough black-haired little corporal who just got hitched. "Girls here are no better than those back home. But besides being nice, Australian girsl are here."

A technical sergeant in headquarters section here has been married to an Australian girl for several months. He said this is the first time he's been away from home. He looks on his marriage as a chance to continue home life even though he may be fighting Japs in the near future. "When I found the right girl, I popped the question," he said. "Neither of us is sorry."

Australian girls had their own slant on the question. They claimed that the Yanks are more poised, show more respect and are more polite than Australian men. "Maybe it's because Yanks have a better line," ventured a little blue-eyed clerk, happily married to an American private for a couple of months.

A blonde who just announced her engagement to a staff sergeant in the Air Force admitted that she was influenced by the way he sent flowers, brought her candy and presents and paid her other little attentions.

Ever since the Yanks arrived international marriages have been taking place. In one unit 10 out of 100 Americans have been married in eight months according to a big city newspaper.

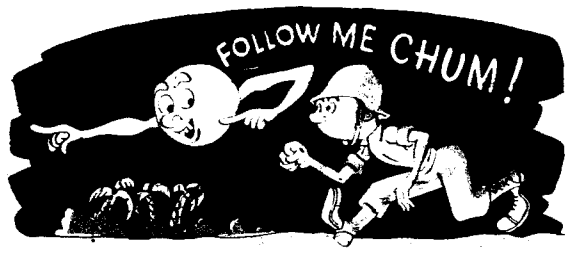
The War Department has clamped down to be sure that marriages are not just whims. It rules that a soldier overseas cannot marry without the consent of his commanding officer. If a man satisfies his CO that he and his girl realize the seriousness and the responsibilities of their marriage and plan to make it last, they may get hooked.

It's often a tough job to satisfy a commanding officer as torpedoman Leroy De Crow just proved. He waited three months for permission from Armiral Nimitz. Finally the admiral gave his okay. The 23-year-old sailor married his Australian sweetheart in a ceremony that rated a two-column picture in a leading Australian paper. Mrs. De Crow, whose husband is from Sacramento, Calif., echoed the words of other Australian brides of Yanks.

"Waiting for my quota number to enter the U.S. won't stop me from being near Leroy. If necessary, I'll cross the border into Canada every six months," she said.

Actually only a small percentage of Yanks marry Australian girls. They date them, but most men write to and think of the girl back home. With the Christmas season approaching, any jeweler here can verify that. "American service men are rushing us with business nowadays," they say. "Most of them want large opals, preferably black ones. They ask us how to ship them to America." Jewelry manufacture is prohibited in wartime Australia so Yanks buy loose stones and send them back to the States to be set in rings, brooches or bracelets. Opals are cheap here and plentiful in the bush.

SGT. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK's AUSTRALIAN BUREAU



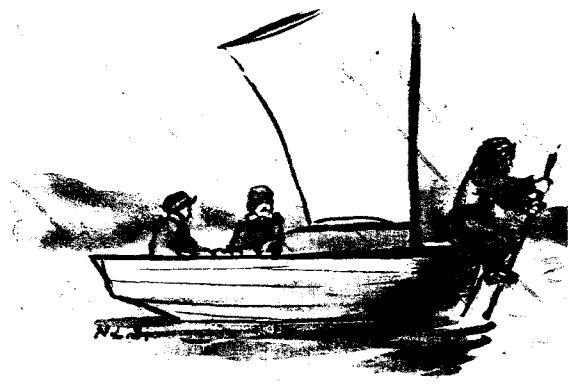
Lost Dogface In Aussieland Is Betrayed By Changing Moon

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Stories of lost pilots or soldiers wandering for days in the jungle before they reach safety are a dime a dozen nowadays, but Pvt. John Christopher O'Brien has a new twist. He walked out of his camp, got lost, was never more than 20 miles away, and lived on grass and tree roots for a week before his rescue.

He left camp to study the country from a hilltop, became confused on his way back and lost his way. He tried to calculate the direction at night by the Southern Cross and the moon, but he failed to allow for the moon's changing position and took the wrong course. He removed his fabric-covered fibre helmet, dumped grass and tree roots in it and boiled them with water. This was his daily ration. He was near collapse walking up a rough road when a party of civilian miners found him. Now he's recovering in a hospital.

YANK's AUSTRALIAN BUREAU

Yanks use the Canadian YMCA.



G.I. Yacht Club, Labrador style.

Most weekends are spent at home.

IN CARIBBEAN area, Bushmasters make chow table out of cannonballs at the ruins of old Spanish fort.

All G.I.s have skis and snowshoes.

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Life in Labrador

This frozen outpost is probably the only country in the world where the average G.I.'s pockets are loaded with money the day before pay day; he has no place to spend it.

Sketches on these pages were drawn in Labrador by S/Sgt. N. L. Sentz

By SGT. BILL RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN LABRADOR—In this suburb of the Arctic, the boys already are making plans for Christmas—serious plans that call for many hours of poring through the "wish book," as the mail-order catalogue is universally called up here.

Even now in October the boys are doing their shopping early. This is easy to understand. First of all, this place looks exactly like Christmas. Dark spruce trees are fringed with snow, vivid against the blue Winter sky. The air is sharp and clean, dry and very invigorating.

A lot of girls and a lot of mothers in the States are going to be very pleasantly surprised at their Christmas presents from Labrador. The boys are discovering articles that could not be found in Ye Gift Shoppe at home. The Eskimos are wonderful craftsmen with leather and skins. Beautiful doeskin slippers, softer than any glove leather you ever felt, can be had at settlements a few miles away for three or four dollars. They are decorated with beads which the Eskimos buy from the Indians. Other slippers are lined with flannelette and covered with sealskin and puppy fur. Incidentally, many of the boys on the post have their own husky puppies which sometimes are obtained for a few packs of cigarettes.

Prepare to Play Santy With Panties

Some of the more prosaic G.I.s are scanning the catalogues with great care for dresses, slips and even brassieres and panties to send their girls back in the States. The idea of sending panties to a girl whom you have not seen for several months, and are not likely to see for several more, may sound a bit strange but the boys seem to get pleasure out of the idea.

In one barracks several G.I.s ordered eight pairs of feminine shoes—a little oversize—not to mention six dresses and a black chemise which looked like a bargain at $4.98. They had formed a pool, and were going to give a Christmas party for some of the Eskimos. Their motive is altruistic rather than romantic for the Eskimo concept of beauty does not appeal to the average G.I.

Most of the boys always have money in their pockets. As 1st Sgt. Charlie Belhumeur, of Providence, R. I., said, it's a lousy feeling to go walking around through the Labrador snow with a couple of hundred bucks in your pocket and no place to spend it.

Lt. Henry J. Neusse, the welfare officer here, has been encouraging the boys to send part of their money home every month. This does not take much encouragement since practically every man in this post would follow in his footsteps even if he started on foot for the north pole. Neusse is an old Army officer, he is tough, likes to make the men drill, but has won an amazing reputation for fairness.

After the men send money home they still have plenty left. It is easy to borrow 10 or 20 a couple of days before pay day, but these loans are to be had principally from the better card players in the outfit. Even the average G.I. who plays poker like a farmer can be hit toward the end of the month for anything up to a fin without the slightest trouble.

Nobody is hard up for the simple reason there is no place to spend money except in a game of craps or a session of black jack. Cigarettes are sent often by *Smokes for Yanks* and are distributed free. Other cigarettes cost six cents a pack when available, and some of the G.I.s have become used to Players, Winchesters and Sweet Caporals which come for a dime a pack at the Canadian PX but are not too generally liked.

You can buy candy bars for five cents (limited

to one bar per day per man), and matches at a tariff of two boxes for a nickel.

None of the boys has had a coke since arriving here. When some of them get salami or choice cheese in packages from home they sit around the barracks for hours on end discussing various brands of beer. Conversation about beer leads to reminiscences of happier days and before the delicacies have been washed down with Labrador water, the talk has turned again to that certain subject which constitutes 90 per cent of all conversation here.

Hoss-Opry Stars Not Lana Turner

The movies are free. Some American movies are flown here but they are generally old. The Canadians invite Yanks to the movies in their mess hall two or three times a week. Jack Hoxie and Tom Mix are liable to invoke nostalgic memories of childhood back in the States. Tom Mix is all right in his way, but the boys—a little more mature than they were when Tom was in his prime—would much rather see Miss Lana Turner or Miss Ingrid Bergman.

If money really starts burning a hole in a man's blanket-lined pockets, he can go out and trade cigarettes for another husky dog, but that is about all. One buck sergeant managed to get rid of some money that was bothering him by investing in a second-hand outboard motor which he attached to a canoe he bought from a native here.

This particular sergeant has made friends with the natives for miles around, and is one of the leaders of a Santa-Claus-for-Eskimos movement. For a while it was reported that this sergeant had married an Eskimo woman, but it turned out to be just another Army rumor. However, it is quite true that a sergeant farther north cried like a baby when he was transferred back south after a year of service. He had fallen in love at a lonely outpost with a half-Danish, half-Eskimo girl. I have seen pictures of her, and am ready to admit that the sergeant had grounds for beefing. This story was definitely confirmed by a major in the Medical Corps who got it from another major who was there when the sergeant broke into tears.

Perhaps, just out of fellowship, some of the boys here will see that her Christmas is not too dreary. Although she lives many miles across the wilderness, it is a safe bet that, come Christmas morning, she will find a gingham dress, at least, from the sergeant's old friends at this base.

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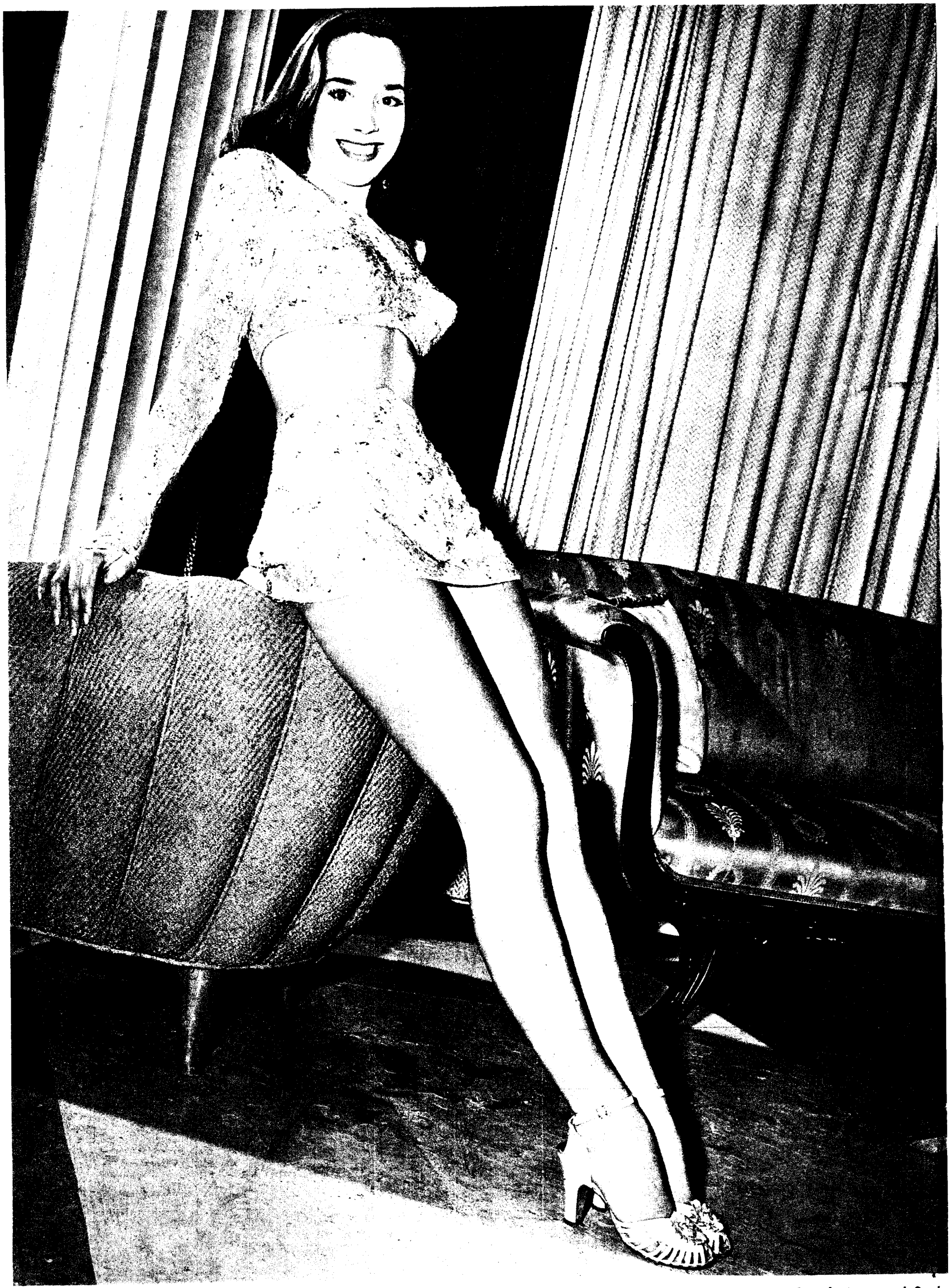

Her name is Mary Ann Hyde, she's 19, and Hollywood thinks she's a real find.

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The MASTER SERGEANT

"The master sergeant is a military demigod."

Compiled with Fear and Trembling

By Cpl. Marion Hargrove *(Words)*
and* Sgt. Ralph Stein *(Pictures)

THE master sergeant is a military demigod whose sleeves are hidden by six chevrons, at least nine hashmarks and an unlimited number of wound stripes, which he may or may not have received while opening beer back in the golden days of keglined cans.

He is the traditional "metal sergeant," identified by the silver in his hair, the gold in his teeth and the lead in his backside.

He is a rock of ages who fears not God, man or officer. His time is usually spent in post headquarters, where he snubs second lieutenants, terrifies recruits of less than 15 years' service and repeatedly attests that, by gad, the Old Army was never like this.

When a master sergeant mentions the Old Army, he is not referring to his first stretch, which was in 1912 when the Army knocked off work at noon, put on civilian clothes and took off for town. He is referring to his happy days at Fort Liliuokalani, T. H., where he was first sergeant from 1922 until 1932 and the colonel used to say he would not swap him for any number of mere captains and majors.

"Never will forget the time," he says, "the Old Man's wife's white horse et the major's wife's garden." Or, "Never will forget what the colonel said to me when I transferred back to the States." Or, "Never will forget the review they gave for me back at Schofield Barracks." The only truth in these statements is in the "never will forget" part.

The zebra-sleeve has an extremely beneficial effect on the wisdom and good behavior of the lucky organization where he is quartered. Without even being asked, the master sergeant will straighten out with a few words (and a grunt or a snort) any problem of dress, conduct, military tactics, geography, history, economics or sex. His statements are positive and leave no room for doubt.

In any company where a master sergeant is quartered, all enlisted personnel will either go to bed at 9, when the zebra-sleeve does, or keep a cautious and respectful silence. Since all knowledge and all wisdom are centered in the master sergeant, the silence is just as well, as the master sergeant himself will tell you.

The master sergeant, who is privileged to sleep until 7 or 7:30, never exercises this privilege. He wakes before the rest of the company and keeps an ear glued to the wall of his room, just waiting for someone to make a sound which might disturb his slumber if he'd remained asleep.

If the morning is a cold one, he will wrap his arms twice about himself and take off for the mess hall where he stands by the kitchen stove, daring sergeant or KP to make a conversational move. At breakfast he sits silently at the table, eating his creamed beef on toast as if it were on probation and he didn't wish to appear too friendly to it. Then he broods over his coffee while the company watches his face for any sign of rigor mortis. He finishes fondling the cup and stalks out of the mess hall. It is still not safe to speak to him.

"He keeps an ear glued to the wall, just waiting for someone to make a sound."

Ten minutes later he is at his desk in post headquarters — 20 minutes early. By the time the charge-of-quarters has gone and the first fearful typists arrive, he is ready to talk.

Two dozen pairs of eyes watch his face; two dozen ears strain to catch his first words.

"By gad," he says, "back in the Old Army—."

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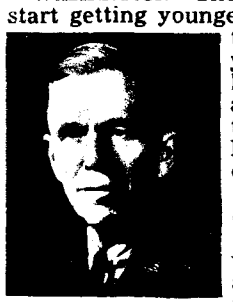
NEWS FROM HOME

America Expects To Have Nine Millions In Uniform

WASHINGTON—The U. S. Army will start getting younger and bigger by the end of this year, officials here predicted after passage by the House of Representatives of a bill to draft 18- and 19-year-old youths.



Gen. Marshall

The House vote was 345 to 16, and Senate action was expected in a few days.

The four House Republicans and 12 Democrats who voted against the bill were:

Democrats — Graham A. Barden, N. C.; Joe B. Bates, Ky.; Lyle Boren, Okla.; Harry B. Coffee, Nebr.; Harold D. Cooley, N. C.; Robert L. Doughton, N. C.; William H. Larrabee, Ind.; Martin J. Kennedy, N. Y.; Guy L. Moser, Pa.; Henry B. Steagall, Ala.; Rudolph G. Tenerowicz, Mich., and B. Frank Whelchel, Ga.

Republicans — Usher L. Burdick, N. D.; Frank Fellows, Me.; Joseph P. O'Hara, Minn., and Raymond S. Springer, Ind.

Of the 2,500,000 young men in the below-20 age limit, at least 1,000,000 are expected to be eligible for immediate induction into the Army which, by the end of 1943, will number 7,500,000 men. That means 9,000,000 Americans in uniform, according to Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson—1,500,000 in the Navy.

On the home front about 20,000,000 men and women will be on the job in war industries and 12,000,000 on the farms.

Some of the Army's older men may be released for war work, Gen. Marshall, Army chief of staff, told the House Military Affairs Committee. Soldiers nearing 40 are a potential burden, he said. They don't fight as well, and they are frequently not in good physical condition.

Of next year's seven and a half-million-man Army, 2,200,000 will be in the Air Forces, 3,300,000 in the ground combat troops, the remainder in the Services of Supply or in training.

Who Is This Hitler?

Los Angeles, Cal.—When Candido Yozano, 40-year-old farm worker, was arrested for vagrancy, he had no draft registration card and said he'd never heard about the war.

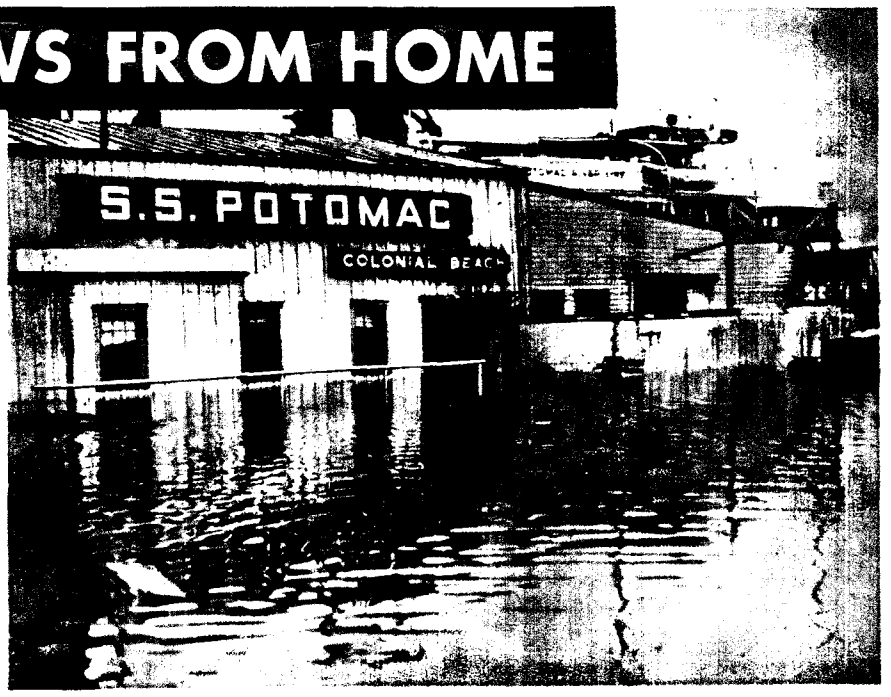
"I don't get much chance to read the papers," he explained.

Army Deserter Arrested As One-Man Crime Wave

CHICAGO — Irwin Kadens, who failed to return to Camp Grant, Ill., after his furlough ended in July, was captured here while holding up a loan company.

Described by the FBI as "one of the nation's most dangerous criminals," the 32-year-old Army deserter is being held on a series of charges including one kidnapping, criminal attacks on four women, perpetration of 17 robberies and the theft of 16 automobiles in three states in two months.

Before he was taken by police, Kadens reportedly told underworld pals he would commit suicide on his 33rd birthday.



The Potomac River stopped pleasure trips as it flooded this steamer dock.

WASHINGTON — The Potomac, Shenandoah, Rappahannock and Savage rivers went on the rampage last week, flooded large areas in three states—Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, caused millions of dollars worth of damage and at least 15 deaths.

In the nation's capital hundreds of soldiers worked long hours piling sandbags around Government buildings in the hours before flood tide was reached.

Fredericksburg, Va., was the hardest hit. Almost every street was covered with mud and water, and traffic was completely tied up. In 1936 when the same rivers flowed over their banks damage amounted to nearly $10,000,000.

Skimming the Week at Home

Wendell L. Willkie returned to his farm in Rushville, Ind., for a rest after reporting to President Roosevelt on his globe-circling tour of United Nations' fighting fronts. . . . All of the 171 employees of the abandoned Higgins Shipyard in New Orleans, La., offered to work without pay for 60 days to get the plant into wartime production. . . . Price Administrator **Leon Henderson** ordered that the nation's 27,000,000 passenger automobiles be limited to five tires each and said the government will purchase excess rubber. . . . **Arthur Rodzinski,** conductor of the Cleveland Symphony, invited workers in overalls to hear Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony which commemorates the siege of Leningrad. . . . **Mrs. Glory Caroline Weller Miller** of Los Angeles, Calif., the 25-year-old widow who lost her memory and didn't know she had remarried until 10 months later, decided she liked the husband she had chosen during her attack of amnesia.

Thomas D. Haggart, "gun-totin'" mayor of Atlantic City, N. J., who conducted recent gambling raids with a holster strapped to each hip, was classified 1-A in the draft. . . . The Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America, Inc., announced that the aircraft industry in the U.S. is now producing nearly 5,000 planes a month. . . . **Nancy Provenzanno,** 17, and a companion, 16, confessed to a series of burglaries in Staten Island, N. Y. . . . **The U.S. House of Representatives** voted 252 to 84 to outlaw payment of the poll tax in eight Southern states as a qualification for voting in Federal elections.

Mining towns from South Dakota to California closed down as a War Production Board order banning the breaking of new gold ore went into effect. . . . Four-year-old **Vivian Miller,** of Red Bluff, Calif., was found in Grants Pass, Ore., after she had been kidnapped by a shipyard worker and his wife who had "always wanted a child of our own." . . . Campaign buttons are out for the duration unless someone finds a substitute for the celluloid, tin and brass used in making them, Chicago manufacturers decided. . . . **The Maritime Commission** reported that it took an average of 70 days to build a Liberty Ship in September compared with 83 days in August and 241 in January. . . .

Well, Well, Well!

Charleston, S. C.—Champagne was replaced by well water from a farm in Durham, Okla., when the U.S.S. Choctow, a Navy tug, was christened at the Charleston Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. yard.

Mrs. Lou Cordell, of Durham, who has three sons in the Navy, was designated by Secretary Knox as the sponsor of the tug.

If the well water was good enough to raise her sons on, it was good enough for use in christening the Choctow, Mrs. Cordell said. The Navy agreed.

Unions in New Course To Better Labor Relations

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—A horny-handed paper hanger who quit school when he was 12 and a garment worker with a master of laws degree are among the 14 trade union members who have started classes at—of all places—Harvard University.

Purpose of the nine-month course, its cost shared by a scholarship fund and the unions, is to "create a better relationship between labor and management." Subjects will include economic analysis, trade union problems and policies, and group psychology.

Edward Wagenfeld, of Philadelphia, an officer of the United Hat, Cap and Millinery Workers Union, AFL, and one of the students, said: "We want to learn the other fellow's point of view so we can meet it. It would be a good idea if industry would send some of its representatives here so we could put these arguments straight to them."

Snubbed Last Stanza Of Anthem Now Gets Boost

A movement to popularize the last stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner" has been launched by the Writers' War Board on the ground that it is more appropriate at present than the first stanza.

Said by the board to be unknown to eight out of 10 Americans, the last stanza of the National Anthem is:

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation.
Blessed with victory and peace, may our heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us as a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

17-Year-Old Girl Puts The Finger On Errol Flynn

HOLLYWOOD—Swashbuckling Errol Flynn, who comes out of every movie encounter a winner, faces a charge of statutory rape which may cause the shelving of his latest movie, "The Edge of Darkness."

Flynn surrendered on a direct information after the grand jury refused to indict him on hearing from 17-year-old Nebraska girl named Betty Hansen. Eighteen is the age of consent in California.

Miss Hansen told the grand jury she gave in to Flynn and three other Hollywood men at a party with the understanding that Flynn would get her a job. The movie actor denied her story. "I hardly knew her," he declared. "We exchanged only a few words."

Errol Flynn denies all.

The screen star and the three others are held in $1,000 bail. Meantime, work continued on the actor's new film which has him battling the Nazis in Norway and emerging victorious.

"Woman's Place is in—"

New York—Mayor LaGuardia proposes that 200,000 or 300,000 women be enlisted in the Army to mend soldiers' clothes, perform the Army's paper work and take over KP—"the most irksome detail a soldier has to go through," according to the mayor.

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MAIN STREET

Richmond, Va.—Brought to quick trial, a man charged with operating a still waved, beamed and greeted the court cheerfully as he advanced to the bar of justice. The judge postponed the case, taking "judicial knowledge of the fact that a man can't get sober in 15 minutes."

St. Joseph, Mo.—Entering a polling place, a woman demanded a ballot, vigorously scratched out every name. "I wanted the satisfaction of voting against every one of them," she said.

Boston, Mass.—Bartender Vito Lorizio heard an impatient thumping on the bar behind him, snapped, "Take your time," turned to find a sea gull perched there, waiting.

Los Angeles, Calif.—One of Virginia Hall's complaints in seeking a divorce was that she had not been properly clothed by her husband. The judge

granted the divorce, though he observed: "No woman feels she is properly clothed."

Denver, Colo.—If a traffic law violator buys a big enough war bond, Police Judge E. L. Fundingsland forgets about the fine. Week's sales: $1,650.

Syracuse, N. Y.—A 19-year-old girl was arrested for illegally wearing a WAAC uniform.

Salem, Mass.—Fisherman Arthur Daigle caught a 100-pound deer, lassoing it four miles off shore while it was swimming toward the open sea.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—John Klingberger gave his right leg, made of duraluminum, to a scrap drive.

Washington, D. C.—The Office of Defense Transportation officially ruled that oysters are not farm products.

Scotts Bluff, Nebr.—Navy Recruiter Kenneth MacKichan got a telegram which read: "No. No. Sept. 3, 1923. Guernsey, Wyo. Yes. Yes." He figured that it was from a Wyoming woman to whom he had sent this message: "Your son desires to enlist. Has he ever been married or had military service? When and where was he born? Are you his legal guardian? Do you consent to his enlistment?"

ALL THE YOUNG MEN ARE GONE—Main Street in D'Lo, Miss., is pretty quiet these days. The town has given 80 of its 400 souls to the armed forces and there isn't anybody left except children, women and old men. D'Lo is proud of its service stars and folks left home are busy with bond sales, scrap drives and flag making.

Shelbina, Mo.—The editor of the *Democrat* had to apologize for a column of local death items that came out in the paper under the heading "Pleasant Events."

Ada, Pa.—The Hay Fever and Asthma Sufferers' Club voted "Yes Sir, Asthma Baby" as their official song.

Colonia, N. J.—Separated four months, Carl Lella and his wife met to try to effect a reconciliation. Instead he landed in jail charged with felonious assault after he bit off the tip of her nose.

Detroit, Mich.—In the *News*, Columnist H. V. Wade cracked: "It may be that baseball will have to be continued in '43 so the armed forces overseas can get the scores."

Des Moines, Iowa—John Paul Jones, no kin of the naval hero, joined the Navy.

Amarillo, Texas—A. O. Wright's automobile was stuck in the mud, and he was just about resigned to it when an elephant appeared from nowhere and started pulling it toward dry land. Hastily abandoning the auto, Wright called to a carnival troupe to "call off your elephant." They did, explaining it had been trained to rescue cars from such situations.

New York—If police could prove that a bullet in the leg of Paul Margiotta was fired from a certain police revolver they could convict him of a hold-up shooting fray. But the defendant refuses to have the bullet removed, and nothing can be done about it under the law. Neither "Big Paul's" conscience nor the occasional twinges of pain just below the scar tissue bother him much.

Waupaca, Wis.—Under a will admitted to probate, a Boston terrier named Lady Pooh was sole beneficiary of a $100,000 estate.

Dallas, Texas—When Boot, a 130-pound Great Dane mascot at a nearby Naval training station, started killing sheep, he was turned over to

Maybe you're a humorist and don't know it. If so, come out from under that bushel and let your light shine forth. Send us some gags, and if they're good enough one of our G.I. cartoonists will illustrate 'em. Address your gems to YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York.

Dogs for Defense, Inc., to train for Army sentry duty.

Marlton, N. J.—Police prevented 14-year-old Jean Register and 21-year-old Henry Ralston, a truck driver, from eloping to Elkton, Md. Said bespectacled Henry: "It was love at first sight. I never had a girl before." Enthused snub-nosed Jean, a seventh grade school girl: "I love Hank better than ice cream."

Portland, Ore.—At a dog track a brainy greyhound figured things out, took a short cut across the center, caught the mechanical rabbit coming head-on, won retirement.

Superior, Ariz.—To get increased production at the Magna Copper Co. on Monday, the town agreed to keep all bars closed on Sunday.

Dallas, Texas—"She took out an ice pick," a Negro testified in seeking a divorce. "Then she took out a knife. Then she took out a pistol." Asked the judge: "What did you do?" "I just took out," was the reply.

Hattiesburg, Miss.—Mrs. Mary Goar, 87, died, leaving 222 descendants—five children, 59 grandchildren, 134 great-grandchildren and 24 great-great-grandchildren.

Seattle, Wash.—Seven years after Bert Maffett bought a dictionary he looked up the word "specimen," found it wasn't listed. The publishers refunded his money.

Chicago, Ill.—The thief who robbed William T. Chugwidden of $10 kept saying, "I'm so sorry to trouble you."

Kansas City, Mo.—Sleeping on a curb, 55-year-old Thomas Smith was awakened by a sharp pain in his left foot. Examination revealed a fractured bone. "I guess a car must have run over me," he speculated.

"When Abbott and Costello did this, it seemed funny."

COMPANY STREET

2nd Lt. Ben Johnston did KP for a month at **Fort Bliss,** Tex. No one notified him that his application for a temporary commission had been approved. . . . Pvt. Leonard W. Miller writes a weekly column which keeps Long Islanders informed of local news—from **Keesler Field,** Miss., 1,700 miles away. . . . Glenn H. Houston of Arkansas City, Kans., filled out his questionnaire and mailed it to his selective service board, adding a note: "I'm in the Army, fighting the Japs in the southwest Pacific."

Sidney Franklin, the first American bullfighter, tried to enlist at **Fort Sam Houston,** Texas, but was turned down because of an old bullfighting wound. He's getting an operation at his own expense to try again. . . . Out of a discarded parachute sent her by her son in the Army Air Force, Mrs. W. E. Evans of Knoxville, Tenn., made an evening gown and wore it to a wedding. . . . Blunder of the War Nomination: A sergeant at **Moore Field,** Texas, wrote one letter to an aunt thanking her for a layer cake, and another to his girl, asking her to spend two weeks near camp. He mixed envelopes, and now he doesn't know what to do with aunty.

Newly inducted Pvt. Julius J. Gerlick, Gargantua's circus nursemaid for the last three years, wrote "gorilla trainer" on the line for civil occupation. At **Camp Lee,** Va., they put him in the medics, of course. . . . Another soldier who found an appropriate job was Pvt. Ralph L. Kitchen, assigned to the cooks' battery at **Camp Roberts,** Calif. . . . Lake County, Ohio, spent $200 preparing and mailing absentee ballots for the men in the armed services. Cpl. Oscar McBirney of **Camp Polk,** La., was the only absentee to vote.

Sgt. Elmer Flowers, **Fort Greely,** Alaska, has sewn a set of sergeant's stripes on his blanket. . . . Said Virgil Havens of the AAFTTC, **Atlantic City,** N. J., when he was promoted to sergeant: "A year ago I never would have believed it if somebody'd told me today I'd be making more money than Clark Gable." . . . While training at **Camp Barkeley,** Texas, Pvt. Carlisle Cooper is keeping up the comic strip, "Fighting With Daniel Boone," which he drew in civilian life. . . . A sentry at **Fort Riley,** Kans., made his challenge "Halt—well, look who's here."

New applicant for a mountain infantry outfit of ski troops at **Fort Lewis,** Wash., is Toger Tokle, Norwegian ski jumper. Since he came here from Norway in 1939, Tokle copped 42 of 48 ski meets and smashed 24 records, including a 289-foot jump last year for the North American record. . . . Pvt. Claude C. Young of **Camp Pickett,** Va., asked a USO hostess for a needle. When she volunteered to do his mending, he explained all he wanted was a phonograph needle.

The work of an Engineers Battalion in **Hawaii** was rudely interrupted by a large and hungry-looking shark. Deciding to do something about it, Sgt. George Westerlund fashioned himself a huge hook from a long spear, used a 4-foot chain as a leader and ¾-inch Manila rope as a line. The shark bit on a hunk of G.I. beef, and was hauled ashore by an Army truck winch. It turned out to be a 12-foot, 1,500-pound "shovel mouth" shark.

The current **Second Army** maneuvers are being fought in towns called Hoodoo, Fudge Around, Dismal, Little Hope, Temperance Hall, Seven Pints and Loveville—all in Tennessee. . . . Ad in the **Fort Leavenworth** Reception Center's weekly newspaper: "Found—a $10 bill outside the infirmary. Owner will please form a double line in front of the window Saturday at 8 a.m." . . . **Camp Callan,** Calif., boasts the most contented soldier in the Army—Sgt. Graham W. Greer, who requested and received his first furlough since 1928.

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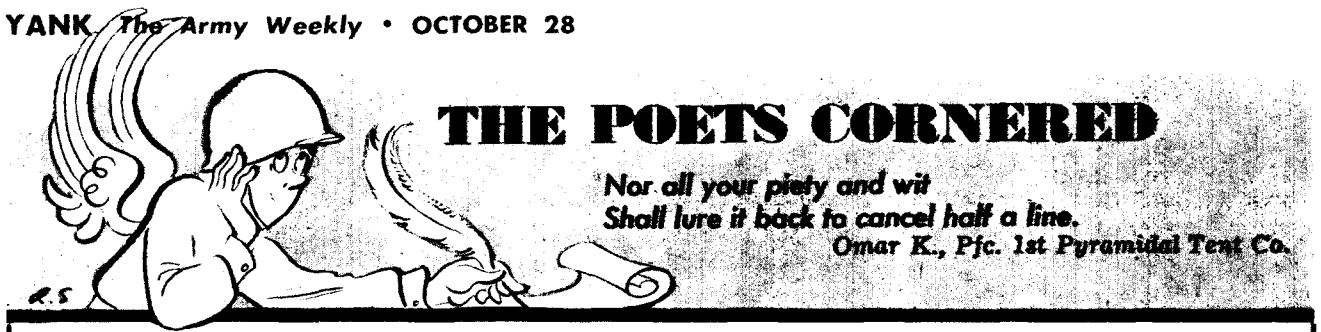


(Ed. note: We want all the poetry you're inspired to send in but try to hold yourself down to three or four stanzas!)

NAMING OF THE PARTS—G.I. BODY

This is a model '06 body,
Food fed, with now and then a toddy.
Its maximum effective range
Is subject to repeated change,
This being chiefly on account
Of having seat and bipod mount.

This globe or spheroid is the head.
Remove it, and the body's dead.
Its function, as the experts reckon,
Is principally to keep the neck on.
And though some teeth come out with gripping,
This is the limit of field stripping.

This cylinder or tube's the neck,
With which the head can nod and beck,
It also joins the head and trunk.
Without it, then, they'd both be sunk.
This cam that rises when I swallow
Is Adam's apple, if you follow.

This next group is the trunk or torso,
As full of parts or even more so.
The levers on the sides, my friends,
Are arms, with hands upon the ends,
While in the trunk are many organs,
Some working well, some not such bargains.

This is myself, this is my nature.
These are my parts, with nomenclature,
And I have told, without compunction,
The major facts about their function.
As gun-wise thus I disassemble,
Look on me, fellow men, and tremble.

LT. RICHARD ARMOUR
ANTIAIRCRAFT ARTILLERY

LETTER TO THE PX

My dear PX: This is too much.
It's still the same old story.
Twice a week it's "Closed—Repairs"
Or "Closed for Inventory."

I do my bit—seven days a week
To help to keep 'em flying.
Get out those 'burghers! Open up!
And dammit, keep 'em frying!

R. E. M.
HENDRICKS FIELD, FLA.

I WANT—

I want to cuddle with the colonel
When I'm feeling sad and blue,
And let him dry my tears away
Like my mamma used to do.

I want a sympathetic captain
Who will take me on his knee
And read me bedtime stories
Till I'm sleepy as can be.

And I'd like a gentle sergeant
Who would tuck me in just right,
Then bring a glass of water
And wish me "nightie-night."

If the army should consider
These requests a little queer,
Then please, commanding general,
Can't you bring my mamma here?

S/SGT. DAVID R. MCLEAN
CAMP WOLTERS, TEXAS

G.I. SOAP

Oh, G.I. soap, of thee I sing,
You're chemically an awesome thing;
Concerning you my thoughts are rife,
You dominate my G.I. life.

You take the grime from barracks floors,
You shrink my long, gray woolen drawers,
You peel the grease from pots and pans,
And chew the skin right off my hands.

You eat holes in my cotton jeans,
You sanitize G.I. latrines,
You're in my hair, my clothes, and now,
I even taste you in the chow.

Your powers of destruction seem
The answer to a chemist's dream.
You look as though you're meant to be
Just soap. Inside, you're TNT.

The War Department isn't wise
To waste time on inventive guys.
All G.I. soldiers have the dope.
Our secret weapon's G.I. soap!

S/SGT. S. E. WHITMAN
FORT DEVENS, MASS.

Words Across the Sea

Twenty-one months ago **Pvt. Albert Holland** was punching a time clock at a West Midway (Mass.) rubber shop. Now he's rubbernecking with some other new arrivals at Manchester, Conn. A Hopedale (Mass.) crony of his, Pvt. Louis Gorman, is somewhere in Britain with the Medics. Holland reminds the pill-pusher: "They're still keeping it on ice at Mickey's Cafe. Keep your scalpel clean."

Pvt. Ivan A. Hurley of Elliott, Iowa, and his cousin, Larkin Dehart, from Logan in the same state, were prewar corn farmers. They enlisted together at Atlantic, Iowa, a year ago January. Cousin Larkin now is doing whatever an infantry private does in Ireland these days. Cousin Ivan is with the 1114th SCU at Camp Edwards, Mass., and sends Cousin Larkin this message: "Everything is jake here. What do they use for corncobs in Ireland?"

Sgt. Alan Clinton is putting in his World War II hitch at Fort Ord, Calif. He started out at Camp Lee, Va., and would like to get some word from his long lost buddies Pvts. Jake Alsop and Millard Smith. Both were with him at Lee. Now they're "somewhere." He'd like a letter from them and from any other members of Camp Lee's "Fighting Ninth" who may see his plea. Give with the correspondence. Clinton can be reached at Co. B, 257 QM Bn., Fort Ord, Calif.

Pfc. Sam Schwartz of Camp Livingston, La., was an advertising man before the Army called him. He wants to wing a few words to Tch/4 Sidney Silverman who's with the Signal Corps in the general direction of Egypt: "Took your suggestion when we were at Livingston together about getting out of the MPs and into Army PRO. I sure like it. All the Chicago bunch is still in Camp Livingston. Have you been getting our camp paper *Communique* that I've been mailing you?"

Sgt. George Marguart is stationed at Fort Custer, Mich. Before the war he lived in Cliffside, N. J., and was a friend of Pvt. Phil Deering of N. Y. C., who is with the Quartermaster Corps somewhere in England. George wants to remind him of a very important obligation: "Don't forget the date we have after the war to drink beer on 42nd St. Wonder if you know where Jonsey is. Haven't heard from him at all."

MAIL CALL

Dear YANK:
I am making inquiry regarding the Intelligence Service in the Army. Please tell me what qualifications are required in order to get into this department.

CPL. T. A. DOUGLAS
CAMP DAVIS, N. C.

Requirements for G-2 are very elastic. Less depends on formal education than on native intelligence. A background of investigative work and knowledge of a foreign language might help.

To apply interview your Post intelligence officer (not to be confused with your unit intelligence officer). If he considers you worthy material, he will have you fill out an information sheet calling for data on yourself and your family for two generations. After this is completed, you can go sit on your fanny for as long as two months while an exhaustive investigation is carried out.

A good article on this type of work is printed in the August issue of the American Legion Magazine (Pp. 10-11).

Dear YANK:
Please inform us as to just what happened to the gas man on Jack Benny's program.

PFC. FREDERICK FOCHLER
SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

The gas man went down into the cellar to read the meter one day, and that is where Benny was keeping Carmichael, the polar bear, in a tub of water filled with ice cubes. Since the gas man never returned, Carmichael supposedly ate him. Benny says no, and proved it when the gas man came again. To which Rochester replied, "That was another gas man trying to find out what happened to the first fellow." Whether the first man returns is up to Benny and his gag-men.

Dear YANK:
I am stationed in the island of New Caledonia and I get very lonesome. Please print my plea. I want to hear from the States by corresponding with some of the girls of America. Will answer all letters.

PVT. ALBERT HARE
NEW CALEDONIA

Dear YANK:
In your story "Dawn Patrol" ("YANK, July 1), I seem to have been the juvenile lead. I hasten to inform you that I no longer just sit in a plane and look at water or read a book. Some way or another I bribed my way into my present squadron and now sit and shake Somewhere in Australia.

This outfit is really on the ball; half the guys have decorations for doing something important. In fact, every time you turn around you see somebody who shot down a few Zeros.

You can tell the girls along the beaches to stop waving at No. 4, because I'm not on her any more. If they'll come over here, though, I'll gladly wave to them.

When are we going to get some WAACs?

SGT. FRANK T. DIETZ
SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA

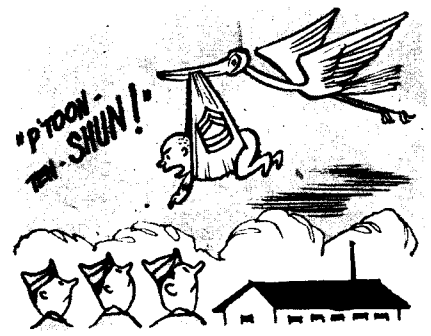
Dear YANK:
I was fortunate enough last Sunday night to pick up on one of your programs, "G.I. Jive." The Andrew Sisters were really doing the "Pennsylvania Polka" justice. The reception was exceptionally good. The news was swell too but I was surprised when nothing came from Georgia. Now come on YANK, let us have some *real* stuff.

PFC. JAMES E. HARP
AUSTRALIA

Okay, Georgia, we'll do our best.

Youngest M/Sgt. Dept.

Dear YANK:
I have just read an article in the September 23 issue of the YANK about the youngest master sergeant in the U. S. Army and although it beats the one I have to tell about I think we have the youngest one in the U. S. here on this field. He is M/Sgt. William P. Duval, ASN 20443226. He is only 20 years old at present and his birthday is in November. He is a member of a communication squadron here. His father lives in Birmingham, Ala.



I believe that he is the youngest in the U. S. If there are any younger bring them on.

CPL. RICHARD E. KENNY
HAMILTON FIELD, CALIF.

Any other candidates?

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

STRICTLY G.I.

Keep 'Em Burning!

WHETHER you've been slogging through waist-deep swamps or up to your neck in chill water building a H-10 ponton bridge, you needn't worry about a match to light that cigarette, cigar, fire or hot-foot for the sergeant. The War Department has announced the development of new floating waterproof matchboxes. In tests these little numbers were left in the water for over a month. When they were taken out, the matches inside were perfectly dry and struck easily even on the wet outside of the box. The box has special striking bars to provide enough friction to light a match even when the box is dripping. At one end of the box is a small compass.

AER—What Is It?

Army Emergency Relief has been set up by the War Department to give temporary financial aid to soldiers and to their dependents. Any soldier, no matter what his rank, is eligible, if he can prove convincingly that he or his dependents actually need and deserve relief.

This service isn't in competition with the Red Cross. It goes into action in cases where the Red Cross is unable to do a complete job. Assistance may take the form of a loan, hospitalization, legal advice, employment placement and many other forms. Action on AER should be started by the soldier through his commanding officer.

Men's Wear

The Quartermaster Corps is digging up over 100,000 pull-over knit shirts for use of G.I.'s all over. The shirts will look something like lightweight brothers to the tops of your heavy Winter long-johns.

Women's Wear

WAAC and WAVES are tucking away their summer khaki and white for winter issue. The WAAC will dazzle private and higher brass alike in their version of olive drab which, for the record, looks a lot less drab than its masculine counterpart (or maybe that's because of who's wearing it). WAAC officers in dress uniform will wear a WAAC version of Army "pink"—medium tan for skirts, shirtwaists and ties. The WAVES will revert to traditional Navy blues.

Chinese Mechanics

A group of 15 Chinese-American aircraft radio mechanics are on their way to Chungking and Gen. Chennault's command. Their training was completed at an AAF technical school in the U.S. and now they're grouped together as a unit to serve under the man who led the Flying Tigers. All 15 are enlisted men.

Navy Stuff

The Navy authorizes the flying of the American flag upside down—but only as a signal of distress. . . . It used to be that ship crews chipped in and paid for their own chaplains. . . . Sailors, like actors, aren't supposed to whistle. The Navy tradition has more than superstition to back this up; whistling might get confused with the boatswain's piping. . . . Although British sailors have long been called "Limeys" it was really lemon juice they drank. . . . To a sailor, a drinking fountain is a scuttlebutt.

Jewelry for Air Techs

Air Force Technicians are now authorized to sport special silver badges. Different types of technicians get different badges, each badge proclaiming to the world just what skill its wearer is qualified in. Design of the badge is a gear wheel with a wreath around it and a four-bladed propeller on top. Silver bars, hung underneath as on a marksman's medal, indicate the varied specialties for which the badges are given. Badges will go only to enlisted men who have been six months in the air forces and have shown outstanding ability in some specialty.

Musical Note

If you have a glee club in your unit that is aching to do a job on "Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair" or "Camptown Races," here's an answer to their prayers. A new edition of "Songs of Stephen Foster" has been especially edited for use by the armed forces. Your unit can get a free copy by writing to The Curator, Foster Hall Collection, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa. Better get the Old Man to do the letter writing just to make it official.

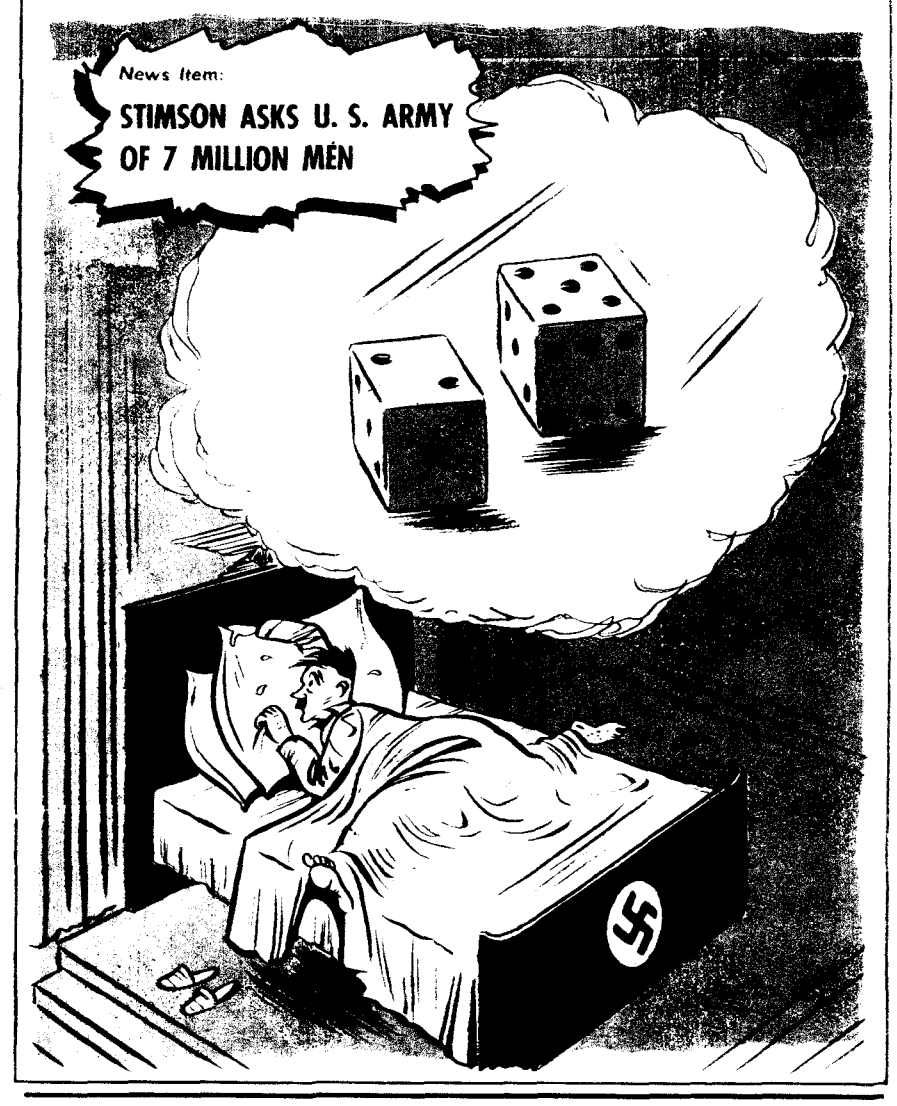
Literary Note

The War Department does not discourage literary endeavor by any G.I. who can find the time. Material for publication, however, should be reviewed by your local public relations officer if it contains anything dealing with the Army. You'd be smart to submit all material to him and let him judge as to whether it contains military matter or no. He can pass some of it for publication and tell you how to go about getting official approval on any writing outside his jurisdiction.

Draft Drift

The bill pending in Congress to extend the draft to 18- and 19-year olds may mean the discharge of some older men now in the service. There isn't any official ruling yet, but, as the wind blows, some men above a certain age may be released for work in essential industry. Gen. Marshall, testifying before a Senate and House committee, said: "The older men ought to be at machines where they do what they are good at." It's highly doubtful whether any blanket policy will be adopted.

SLEEPING WELL, ADOLF?



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Back Peddle?

A recent arrival from Europe tells this story. A Nazi officer sitting in a cafe in Paris tried to be sociable to a Frenchman sitting nearby. "Aren't you bored with this war, and won't you be happy when it's all over?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the Frenchman.

"And what will you do after the war?"

"I shall go to the country and fish and fish and fish the rest of my life," was the Parisian's reply.

"Wonderful," said the Nazi pleasantly. "I also am bored with the war and after it is over I shall buy a bicycle, and one beautiful morning will start off to bicycle all over the Greater Reich."

"Is that so?" said the Frenchman amiably. "And what will you do that afternoon?"

No Figures Don't Lie

The Korean Anti-Japanese Society has obtained a copy of a new book, "How Japan Plans to Win the War," written by one Kinoaki Matsuo. The Japanese author details American military strength but carefully omits comparative figures, explaining in a foreword: "Emphasis has been laid on simplification and clarity by the omission of all statistics involving our side."

Suggestion

A Norwegian bookseller was reprimanded for not giving "The Book About Quisling" the preferred position in his window. Next day the bookseller had only three books on display. In the center was "The Book About Quisling." Flanking it on either side were copies of a book called "The Man Everybody Wanted to Murder."

Alarm for Japs

One morning last week a red box bound firmly in tape and suspended from two parachutes dropped gently to the earth in front of Japanese headquarters at Lae, New Guinea. In it was a clock bearing the inscription "Made in Japan." On the tape was written this message from a U. S. attack bomber squadron:

"This is from ship No. 170 which is reported by Jap propaganda from Tokyo to have been shot down over Lae. The clock inside is a poor imitation of one of our Walthams. It has never run since we had it. We give it back to you to compensate you for your deplorable shortage of metals."

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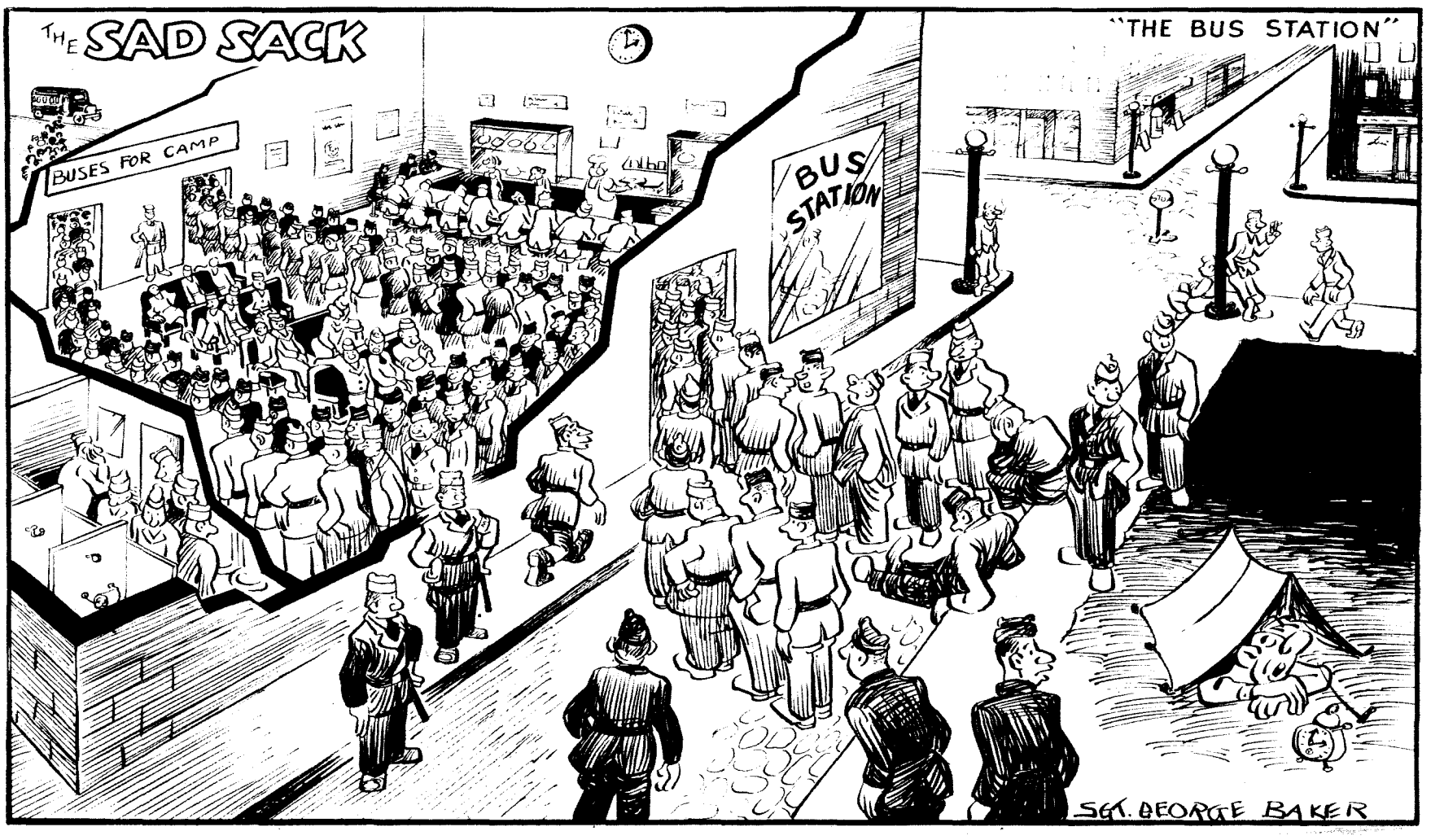


BETWEEN the LINES

I Lost My Shirt at the Stage Door Canteen

Me and my friend Pvt. Stinky Smith was in New York a while back and we decided to take a look at this here Stage Door Canteen, where all the stars come to dance with the soldiers. So we shines up our G.I. shoes, puts on clean O.D shirts, and whips on down.

"Where is Lana Turner?" I says to Stinky as soon as we get inside.

"I dunno," says Stinky. "Let's ask."

So we go up to a lady near the door and start out, "Where is . . ." but before we can say any more she hands us a slip of paper and says, "Right here, boys, this way," and shoves us into a long line that leads around the floor.

"I guess a lot of guys must want to dance with Lana Turner for there to be a line this long," says Stinky. "What does it say on this here piece of paper? Does it say we get to dance with Lana Turner?"

"I dunno," I says. "If I could read I would have joined the Marines."

So we sweat out the line for half an hour and get within three of the front when we find there ain't no Lana Turner there. Just ham sandwiches.

"Maybe she is on the dance floor," says Stinky. "There is some mighty flashy chickens out there."

So we do a little reconnaissance and start infiltrating the crowd on the floor. Pretty soon I get hold of a chicken.

"How about a ham sandwich?" I says.

"Excuse me," she says, looking down her nose at my O.D. shirt. "I got to meet a fellow over there."

So she walks over to one of these dressed-up sailor guys in a white shirt and gives him the old high sign. I get disgusted and hunt up my friend Pvt. Stinky Smith.

"How you doing?" I asks Stinky.

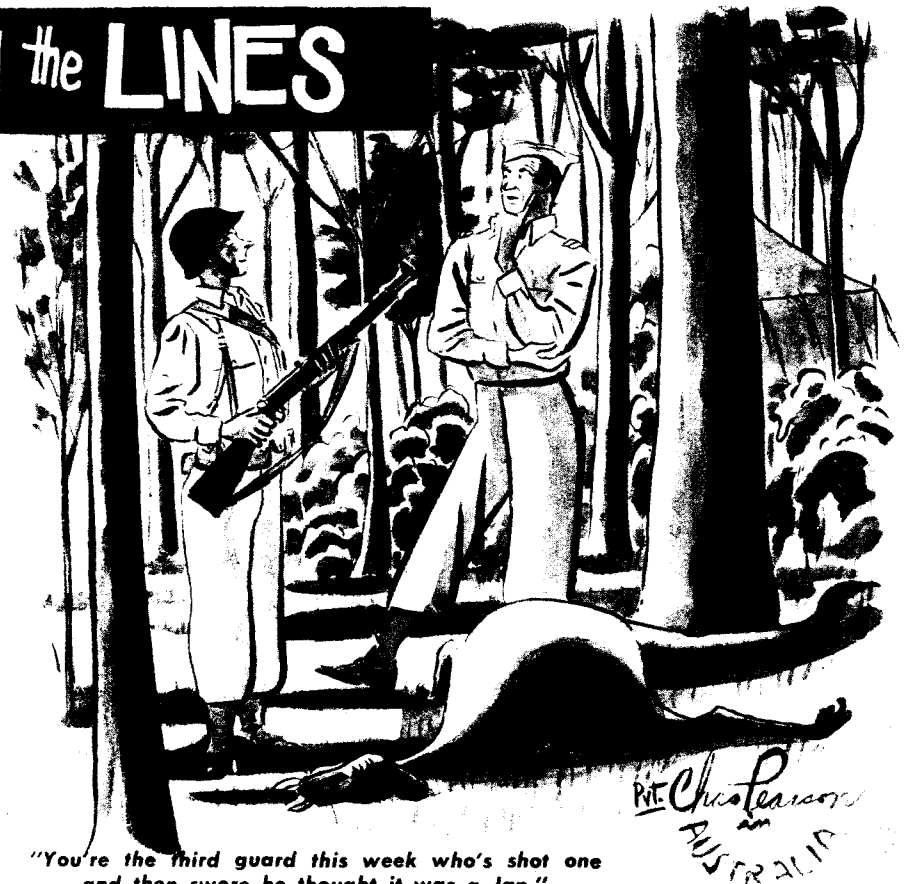
"Not so good," says Stinky. "Seems like this here O.D. uniform don't look so dressy up against them white shirts the sailors is wearing."

"That is my trouble, too," I says, "but I am going to fix everything. I am going back in the latrine and see if I can get one of those sailor guys in the white shirts into a crap game. I am going to see if I can get him to bet his white shirt against my O.D. shirt."

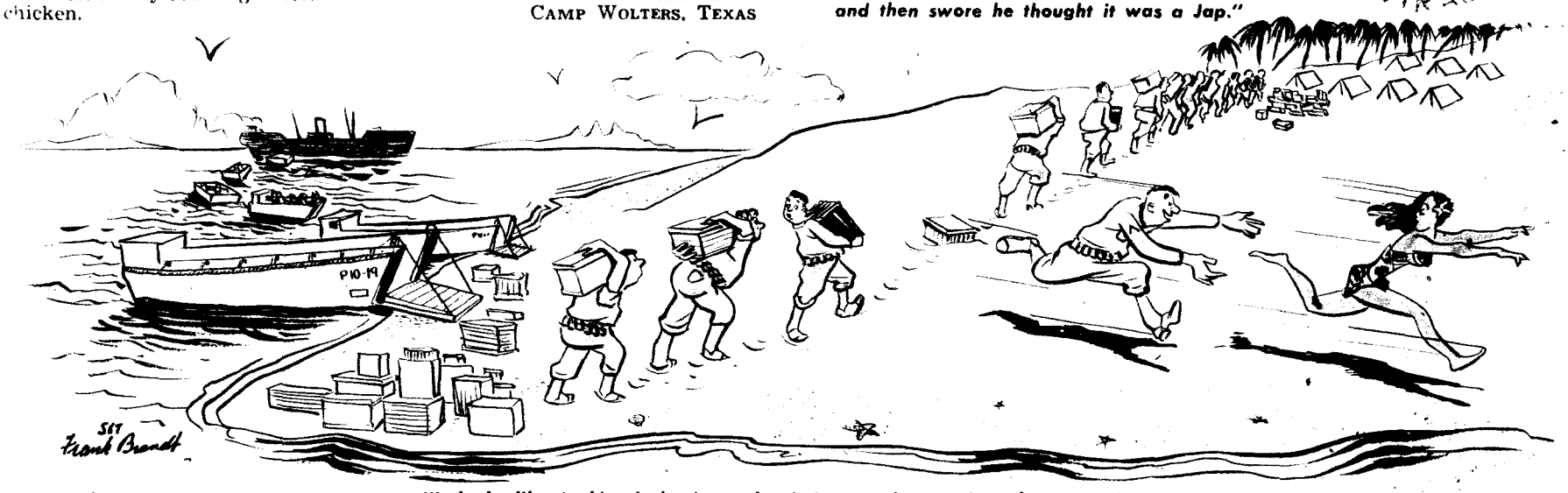
Well, I guess that is where I made my mistake. When that sailor finished with his seagoing dominoes, I left my shirt at the Stage Door Canteen.

The ham sandwiches, however, were delicious.

S/Sgt. David R. McLean
Camp Wolters, Texas



"You're the third guard this week who's shot one and then swore he thought it was a Jap."



"It looks like Jenkins is having a hard time getting used to the tropics."

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HOLLYWOOD. Next big historical epic may be "Saratoga Trunk" from the book by Edna Ferber whose "Cimarron" made screen history. Gary Cooper is rumored for the lead. . . . Martha Raye is the latest star planning an entertainment trip to the AEF in Ireland. . . . Lew Ayres, now in the Medical Corps, has put in a request for foreign service and he'll probably get it. . . . Ava Gardner Rooney, the columns say, has been dropped from the payroll at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They don't say whether this is in any way connected with her recent separation from the bouncing Andy Hardy. . . . Latest horror-movie title is "The Boogie Man Will Get You." The show features Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre and Maxie Rosenbloom. Maybe they mean "The Boogie *Men*." . . . It may be just a coincidence, but United Artists have a Civil War picture scheduled and the producer is to be Sherman. Harry is the name, though, not General Bill.

Ava Gardner Rooney

MUSIC. The "Strip Polka" (Chorus: "Take it off, Take it off!") is breaking hit records although it hasn't been played on the air. Radio censorship bars its mildly naughty lyrics, but the nickel machines keep it dinning in the public ear. . . . Tipsters claim Cab Calloway is ready to move back to Broadway with a new night spot on the model of the old Cotton Club. If it goes through, the club will feature only three bands all year round—Cab, Duke Ellington and Count Basie. . . . One latrine rumor says Kay Kyser will soon be a major in the Army. . . . Nan Wynn whose throaty tones have swung lyrics in front of some of America's top bands may become a WAAC if her plans go through.

Nan Wynn

BROADWAY. Three new musicals hit the stem and got a lukewarm welcome from the critics. "Count Me In" with Charles Butterworth didn't draw loud cheers. "Let Freedom Sing" with Mitzi Green, was said to lack sparkle. "Beat The Band," a George Abbot show, failed to live up to its producer's reputation. . . . Columnists have been tumbling over each other trying to find out whether Garbo is in town and, if so, where? So far they haven't been able to dig any real information. . . . Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe girls are having a squabble with the midget marvel about wages. Meanwhile it's being whispered that Rose himself is slated for some kind of an Army commission.

Mitzi Green

THIS AND THAT. Amos of Amos 'n' Andy may be tapped by Uncle Samuel for the wearing of the green (olive). Radio studios don't confirm or deny the story. . . . Gypsy Rose Lee has hit the bookstands again with a detective thriller entitled "Mother Finds The Body." The story draws liberally on Miss Lee's burly background and takes place down toward the Mexican border. . . . William Powell may have a regular radio spot if a certain sponsor's plans go through. . . . The ballet season has started with a bang. Both the Ballet Theatre and the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo are on hand with new additions to their programs. . . . Street corner pitchmen have a new best-selling novelty in ladies' handkerchiefs with Army, Navy or Marine insignia on their corners. . . . Sorest spot where the draft hits circuses and other road shows is in the field of labor. The entertainers don't seem to go so fast as the boys who pitch tents and drive stakes.

THIS BUCKAROO IS A BEAUT

THE Cavalry, brother, is overlooking something in Miss Berenice Taylor Dossey. Miss Dossey is of medium height and of strictly marvelous proportions, but she has more than that to recommend her specifically to the brotherhood of the stable. Miss Dossey rides hosses like few other characters, male or female, civilian or G.I., can ever hope to ride them.

Miss Dossey has been riding horses in an unorthodox manner since 1936 when she first appeared in a rodeo as a trick rider. She does shoulder stands and Roman stands and tail stands and back drags, all of which are just as strenuous as they sound. Your drill sergeant would take you off that next trash detail if you had half the body coordination Miss Dossey displays balanced more or less on the nape of her neck on a horse that's making good time around the arena.

The horse in question is named Tony (no kin to the late Tom Mix steed) and has been with Miss Dossey from the start of her rodeo career. He's sure footed and immune to shying, two very necessary traits in a trick-riding horse. Only once in six years has he laid a hoof on his lovely mistress.

That was a few years back when she was doing an "underneck." An "underneck" is just what it sounds like; the rider slides down under the neck of the horse and comes up t'other side. This time Miss Dossey slid too gradually and Tony nicked away a goodly portion of her cheek bone with a left front hoof. The cheek bone healed, but Miss D. hasn't forgotten. "That isn't going to happen again," she says.

A rodeo performer doesn't get the chance to play for soldiers that other entertainers do. Miss Dossey regrets this. There are so many of her friends in the service that the show doesn't seem the same. "It looks like every other cowboy's in uniform now," she says, "and soon it will be more than that. But right now that khaki is a lot more important than fancy boots and hand-made saddles."

Miss Dossey naturally favors the Cavalry above other branches. There's only one thing about the Cavalry she can't quite understand. "I don't see how they stay so stiff," she wondered. "I know they have to look smart and military and all that, but I don't see how they can concentrate on riding, propped up like that with sour pusses."

Berenice Taylor Dossey

Ration K Kayoes Fred Allen

Fred Allen has two things in common with this war's dogface. Food (field ration K to be specific) is one of them. Australia is the other.

This time last war, Fred was busily touring Australia billed as the "World's Worst Juggler." His stage name was Freddy James and the Aussies liked his act. He had several successful weeks in Australia, playing the best houses of Adelaide, Melbourne and Brisbane. The tour's success, however, cost him weary months of travel by land and sea.

When he returned battered but unbowed to his U. S. agent, his entrance was typical Allen. Slipping on a sailor hat, he greeted the agent with, "Where to now, captain?"

Food is another matter. We haven't been able to find out whether the Army is using Allen as a guinea pig or whether Jack Benny, true to the traditions of their radio feud, slipped a packet of ration K into the Allen diet when Portland Hoffa (Mrs. Allen) was looking the other way.

Here's what happened when Fred ate it:

Before

During

After

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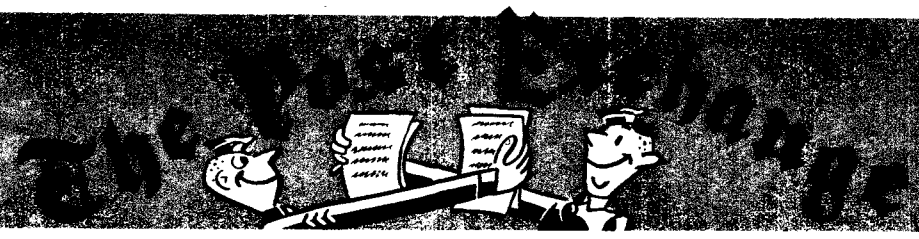
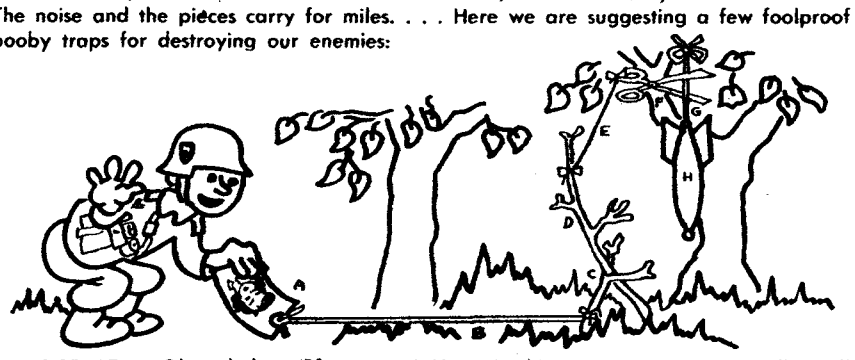
This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Newspaper, U. S. A.



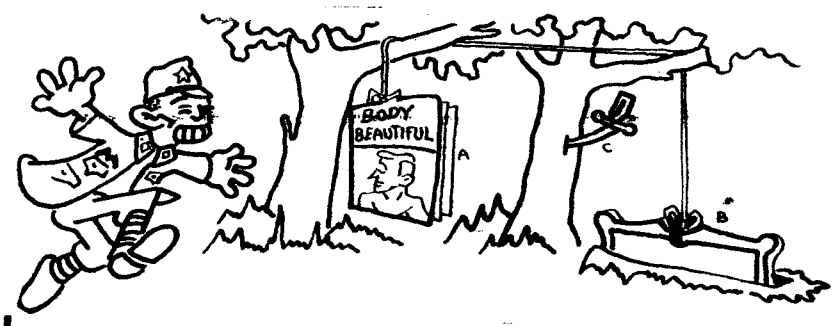
If for some reason we can't use your stuff, you will get a de luxe rejection slip which would make a dog forget to scratch—or to chase another dog.

The BOOBY TRAP

THE booby trap is a trap for boobs. It's an innocent-looking gadget with a treacherous mechanism that explodes. It's set off when a thoughtless soldier picks up a helmet for a souvenir, takes a tire off an abandoned auto, walks carelessly into an old barn. The noise and the pieces carry for miles. . . . Here we are suggesting a few foolproof booby traps for destroying our enemies:



IRRESISTIBLE to Oberschultze (Pfc. to you) Hunn is this picture of Jane Russell. He'll want it for his Federbootenplatz (German for foot-locker). When he picks up the picture (a), he pulls string (b) yanking forked stick (c), dropping branch (d), causing string (e) to snap scissors (f), cutting cord (g), dropping bomb (h) and removing Oberschultze Hunn and Jane's picture from the military scene.



HON. Superior Private Hoshimoko, no glamour boy, even in his Class A uniform, will run for "Body Beautiful." He'll grab magazine (a), pulling up mirror (b) so his own face and body come into full view. One look at own reflection and then at handsome American on magazine cover and he commits hari-kari with handy knife (c).

PVT. JOHN L. DOUGHERTY (Words) and PFC. HOWARD P. WYRAUCH (Sketches)
FORT NIAGARA (N.Y.) *Drum*

A Very Simple Guy Who Likes His Job

Joe was a very simple guy. Some people thought he was a dope, but he was only simple. He liked to sit in his Ozark hills and stare at the clear blue sky and feel the warmth of the sun and think how wonderful it was to be just sitting there. Joe sat around so damn much they told him to get to work or get the hell out of the hills and he got the hell out of the hills and came to the big city. Joe held down a lot of jobs—for a short time—and they were all no good because he had to keep his mind on his work and couldn't dream about his Ozark hills.

Finally, when he was about starved to death, Joe landed the ideal job—washing dishes. Joe was happy; he didn't have to concentrate on his work, merely put his big hands in warm water, feel the heat of the steam on his large tomcat face—and absent-mindedly wash as he thought of the hills and the hot sun.

Joe stayed on the job for six years, day dreaming all the time, a truly contented man. The pay wasn't much, but there was enough to raise a little hell on Saturday nights, have a few drinks and maybe a girl or two, which left him in a restful mood for the balance of the week.

Pearl Harbor didn't mean a thing to Joe—till the Army drafted him. The fascism that would destroy the quiet of his hills didn't worry Joe; he didn't know what it was, nor did he know the destruction and horror of total war. Joe was very simple.

Joe didn't like the Army. He was so busy learning how to make a bed, keep himself clean, shoot a gun and keep in step, he didn't have time to dream. He had to keep his mind on his work. He'd be marching along, lulled into dreaming by the cadence, when suddenly a noncom would shout, "To the rear—march." And Joe would have to snap out of it and duck like hell or get a rifle up his nose. Joe was in a bad way.

Then one day he was due for that horror of horrors—KP. Joe looked at all the food in the kitchen, put his hands in the soapy hot water, felt the fine steam on his face—his mind raced back to the hills while his hands massaged the pots. A slow, happy smile settled on Joe's puss.

A guy next to Joe mumbled something about having a whole week's KP for inferring that a certain corporal's mother ate dog food. "Only a week?" Joe asked. "Say, could I get a couple of months if I clouted a captain or something?"

The guy stared. Joe had the Army licked; he liked KP.

PVT. LEN ZINBERG
FORT ONTARIO, N. Y.

G. (for Gastronomical) I. (for Idiosyncrasy)

Sing not your praises of home-style fried chicken or the delights of a seven-course French dinner at Dirty Dave's Hamburger Emporium to the average G.I. as he stands outside of the dining hall, mess gear in hand, anticipating G.I. Beef Ragout—that Army delicacy which vulgarians are wont to call "stew."

When soldiers hear that G.I. Beef Ragout is due to appear on the festive board, they are so delighted they will usually assemble at the nearest canteen and discuss the nourishing stuff's virtues for hours on end. This discussion usually takes place over a couple of beers and eight or nine hot dogs, and always lasts until the notes of mess call have long since passed and the first note of tattoo breaks up the pros and cons of the gourmet's argument.

Many are the requests for transfers to positions in the kitchen by men holding important posts such as "captain of the head" and "sanitary engineer" when this soldiers' favorite is being prepared.

The origin of the tantalizing dish is lost, but legends of its discovery have been handed down by word of mouth from third cook to third cook until it is as much a part of a smooth running kitchen as the first cook's laziness. The story goes that once, long, long ago, when second lieutenants were unheard of and firsts were firsts only because they could lick every son in the outfit except the "Old Man," a second cook was put in charge of a supper while the first cook grabbed a beauty nap.

This slum burner of ancient times appraised his stores and concluded that there was not enough prehistoric musk ox steak to go around. Rather than awaken his superior from the slumber of the innocent, he decided to use his initiative and do the next best thing. He started by cutting his steaks in half. After a careful count he found himself short again, so he halved the halves. This continued until he came by a fair pile of cubed beef.

After cutting his meat, the Marconi of Mulligan decided to match it with what few vegetables he had. The discovery of five piles of food and only two pots left our hero puzzled, but calm. The logic of saving one pot for a batch of primeval palm frond coffee occurred to him; and this culinary wizard dumped all the chopped food in one pot.

The thought of gravy did not enter the man's head until he was half through preparing his dried chipped tyrannosaurus for the morning meal of creamed dried chipped tyrannosaurus on melba toast. When it did he grabbed some flour and decided to go whole hog. The resultant dish, known variously as goulash, simmered beef, beef a la mode, ragout and borsch, has become as much a part of military tradition as brotherly love for the bugler.

S/SGT. KEN JOHNSON
FORT LEWIS, WASH.

What's In a Name Anyway?

For the entertainment of the 180th Infantry, a talent committee wrote a play called "There Goes Kelly." To play the leading role the committee needed a typical Irishman, preferably one named Kelly.

Neither the first nor the second battalions had such a character. It was in the third battalion that the committee found a Kelly.

No Irishman, Sgt. Walter Kelly turned out to be a full-blooded Cherokee Indian.

"Where in blazes did you get that name?" asked one of the committee members.

"My dad won it in a crap game," replied the sergeant.

The committee left hurriedly, and the play has been renamed "There Goes Marino."

CPL. JAMES A. TRICARICO

How to Be a Sergeant (in 3 Lessons)

So you want your goldbricking to be official—you want to be a sergeant, eh?

The first step is to go around repeating to yourself "hup-doop-dreep-fup, hup-doop-dreep-fup." Keep on saying it until you've got a style of your own. Keep on saying it until you've got a way that no one else can understand. Even try to confuse yourself about it, if you can. If more than half of the simpler remarks you may be called upon to make as a sergeant are quite clear to you—like "taleforadarch"—you haven't got a chance.

Next study the salute. Observe the wily strategic use your own sergeant makes of that old right snatcher. See how he hauls it back with a pugnacious sweep. Watch him bend his body forward through that tooth-edged wreath of smiles. Note especially how he lets that salute lurk darkly over his brow until the approaching officer is within easy striking range. Then he wrenches it loose and flings it intimidatingly at the officer. When the officer throws a protecting arm over his eyes, the sergeant teasingly hauls back the bony projectile just before it irreparably cauliflowers the lieutenant's left ear.

Lastly you must demonstrate your irritation-value. Choose some appropriate time—say, for example, when the men have been milling wolfishly around the mess hall in the heat, waiting for the steak to be broiled half as well as they are. Then saunter out of the barracks just at the zero hour and go in the side door. That should clinch those three stripes—if you live.

CPL. JOEY SIMS
OKLAHOMA CITY AIR DEPOT, OKLA.

Passes to Glory

The soldier's body was bathed in perspiration, so that his shirt clung to him like a second wrinkled skin. The sweat streamed down from the channels in his forehead and ran into his eyes. He was working against time now. In a few minutes the platoon sergeant would call, "Let's go over, boys!"—and the odds were against his returning just the way he went.

All around him, Johnny heard the symphony of strain, felt the nervous tension of his buddies. To his left, good old Joe, so worried his whole body twitched—Joe, who had been with him all the way. And Pete, there, too. Even Pete, the tough guy, slapped him on the back and said, "We're depending on you, kid." Made a guy feel good when someone was working along with him toward the same goal.

Johnny bent his back to the task again, his poor tired back. Someone whispered to him to hurry up—not much time left.

Resolutely he squared his shoulders, took the proper stance, and brought his arm back. Then he let go. Automatically his arm came up to shield his eyes. For a moment, everything stood still; time halted, sound ceased.

Then the shock came. It struck him between the shoulder blades, he thought. But it was only Pete thumping him elatedly. Friends now—united by a single purpose.

"Hafta give ya credit for a lotta nerve," yelled Pete. And Joe, tears welling in his eyes, shouldered in and blubbered:

"Migosh, man—it's a miracle. Eleven straight passes in a row. And the nerve of you lettin' your money ride every time."

But the platoon sergeant's voice cut through the din and Johnny knew there would be no more diverting dice that afternoon. There were more important things to do.

"Okay, fellows, let's go over," commanded the sergeant. "Every man to the PX now. The beer is on Johnny."

CPL. F. S. MILLER
HAWAII

PAY DAY CHANT

From pay day noon till reveille
We gamble and we smoke.
Oh, this is the way to start a new day—
With Black Jack and with coke.

CAMP EDWARDS (MASS.) *News*

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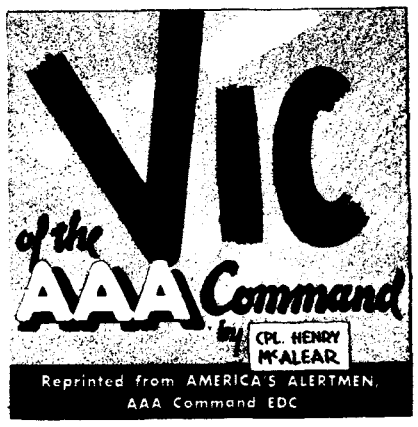


SYNOPSIS: INVESTIGATING AN ATTACK ON ONE OF THE AIRPLANE PLANT GUARDS LEADS VIC AND HANK TO AN UNSAVORY WATERSIDE DEN WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN OVERPOWERED BY THE INMATES AND IMPRISONED IN THE DANK CELLAR. WITHIN HEARING OF THE LAPPING WATER, THE LADS CONSIDER THE SITUATION.

Tod Morgan Now Promotes G. I. Fight Shows In Australia

By SGT. DAVE RICHARDSON, *YANK's Australian Bureau*

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Yanks who came down here to fight the Japs are warming up for a main bout with the No. 1 sport of fighting men—boxing.

They've even got a reasonably exact facsimile of Mike Jacobs to promote their shows. It's none other than Tod Morgan, the Seattle boy who won the world junior lightweight championship in 1925 and broke into Bob Ripley's "Believe It or Not" cartoon by defending his crown 19 times before losing it.

Tod came to Australia in 1933 on a barnstorming ring tour and stayed here, settling down to do business as a fighter and as a promoter, too. In no time at all, he became as well known a pugilistic figure throughout the length and breadth of this land down under as Jack Dempsey.

Stages Interallied Shows

Today, still a U.S. citizen, he's working for the U.S. Army as a civilian athletic technician. He supervises boxing ring construction at camps and air fields wherever Yanks are stationed and organizes Army glove shows. Recently he helped run an interallied boxing tournament that drew 6000 soldiers and civilians to one of Australia's fight arenas.

"Interallied bouts should become a big thing," Tod says, "because the is back home.

Here's Phil Rizzuto, the Yankee shortstop, in his new Navy uniform. He's training at Norfolk.

Aussie soldiers love boxing as much as we do. But it's the American soldier in the bush camps and advanced battle areas that I want to help most of all. I want to see that boxing rings and equipment are available to U.S. fighting men wherever they may be in Australia and New Guinea."

To accomplish that mission, the pug-nosed, cauliflower-eared, tough little Tod must keep on the go, day and night. He travels all over the place seeking out new fighters in uniform, getting them equipment and breaking in soldier promoters to keep the new boxing rings busy.

Tod Still Fights

Tod himself still fights four or five times a year. Only recently, he lost his long-held Australia lightweight crown. So he can climb into the ring to give the men a few pointers and he does, frequently.

Boxing is a very popular pastime down here. One of Tod's G.I. proteges summed up the men's feelings about it the other day.

"Boxing was always the Army's sport back in America," he said. "Most of us fought in camp rings, on the decks of our transports and now that we're abroad, we're not going to give up our bouts. Whether Joe Louis quits the ring or not, we'll keep on throwing punches."

Colgate Head Sees War Ending Football

BUFFALO—Everett Case, president of Colgate University, predicts that this will be the last college football season for the duration.

Writing in the Colgate-Duke game program, Case said, "Football as usual does not square off with the war job colleges and universities have to do and, for this reason, the present season will be the last one for most participants until peace comes."

SPORT SHORTS

Johnny Beazley, pitching hero of the World Series, has been given a job aiding physical education and health programs in Tennessee schools. . . . It will be basketball as usual this season for the National Basketball League starting Nov. 28. . . . **Julius Franks,** Michigan guard, is the second Negro in the school's gridiron history to win a major award in sports there. . . . **Arnold (Jigger) Statz** has resigned as pilot of the Los Angeles "Angels" of the Pacific Coast League. They ended the season a game out of first place.

Charles Panicarrica cashed in on a 336,697-to-1 shot at Detroit race track. Three horses led the field home in a dead heat for first place, and he had tickets on all three. . . . Eighteen out of 34 members of the **University of Illinois** physical education and coaching staff are in the armed forces. . . . **Wallace Butts** is the first man to hold the dual job of athletic director and head football coach at Georgia. . . . **Ted Best,** co-holder of the British Empire 220-yard record, is reported missing in action, believed captured by the Japanese at Rabaul.

The Ivy League classic between **Yale** and **Princeton** will be played at Columbia's Baker Field this year due to transportation restrictions. . . . The **Chicago Bears** run through 50 different plays at every practice session. . . . **Ensign Robert Charles,** former Toledo U. star, has been named coach of Iowa State Naval Training Station cage team. . . Terrill-Patton School beat Waters School at baseball in Moberly, Mo., 70-7!

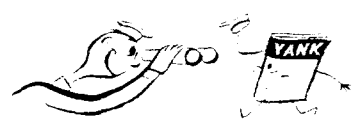
Waldorf, McKeen To Coach North And South All-Stars

MONTGOMERY, Ala.—The Blue and Gray Association has announced the coaches for the North and South All-Star college teams that will meet here in their annual game Dec. 26.

Allyn McKeen of Mississippi State will head the Southern staff, assisted by Wallace Butts of Georgia and Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech, with Bill Alexander of Georgia Tech as guest coach.

The Northern squad will be again directed by Lynn Waldorf of Northwestern, Carl Snavely of Cornell and Bill Ingwerson of Northwestern.

Welcome as a letter from home!



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SPORTS: FRANK LEAHY BEATS TWO NAVY PRE-FLIGHT TEAMS IN ONE DAY WHILE CONFINED TO HOSPITAL BED

By Sgt. Joe McCarthy

It seems that those big bad wolves, the powerful Navy Pre-Flight cadet football teams from Iowa and North Carolina, with their breath taking collections of former All-American and professional stars, are not so tough, after all.

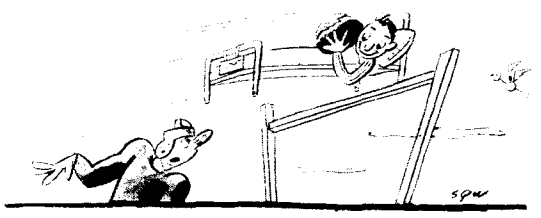
They have just had their ears pinned back by a man who was lying on his back in a sickbed at the Mayo Brothers Clinic.

I suppose the circulation department of this up and coming little G.I. publication will be flooded with letters from Alaska, New Caledonia and Northern Ireland cancelling subscriptions and demanding money back when the above sentence gets into the hands of our readers. I can just see Delbert D. Brooks, the first sergeant of my old pack artillery outfit, muttering to himself, "How could a sick man in the Mayo Brothers clinic pin back the ears of two Navy football teams? They never let an enlisted man write such junk as that in the Old Army."

Leahy Sinks the Navy

It does seem hard to believe because these two squads of strong arm men, coached at Iowa by Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman of the Marines and at North Carolina by Lt. Comdr. Jim Crowley, only had to lift a little finger a few weeks ago and the frightened young sophomores and juniors on the nation's leading college teams would drop their candy and run in terror.

Lt. Col. Bierman's Iowa aviators destroyed Michigan, Minnesota and Northwestern and Lt. Comdr. Crowley's lads from Chapel Hill made short work of Catawba, Harvard and North Carolina State. They appeared unbeatable and George Halas of the Chicago Bears and George P. Marshall of the Washington Redskins were thanking their lucky stars that the Navy Pre-Flight schools had decided to play in the college ranks this year



instead of the National Professional League.

But all that has been changed by the man in the bed at the Mayo Brothers Clinic.

This invalid who sank the two Navy teams so effectively is none other than Frank W. Leahy, the gentleman who was acclaimed as the coach of the year in 1941, when he brought Notre Dame back to the top of the football world for the first time since the days of Knute Rockne. Leahy was supposed to produce another undefeated Irish eleven this Fall but it didn't turn out that way. His boys were tied by Wisconsin in the opener and then knocked off by Georgia Tech.

Leahy is the worrying type who takes his work to heart and after that Georgia Tech affair—the first game he has lost in two years—his health broke down. The doctors said he was suffering from arthritis of the spine

Frank Leahy Listens As His Boys Beat Iowa Pre-Flight

and sent him off to the Mayo Brothers Clinic.

Ed McKeever, the likeable backfield coach, took over the team and the next Saturday he exhorted the boys to "win this one for Frank" in the best Rockne tradition. They did, beating Michigan. Then they met Lt. Col. Bierman's Iowa Pre-Flight team. Poor Notre Dame wasn't supposed to have a chance against the flyers but Leahy was still in the hospital and McKeever again reminded the team that Frank would be listening over the radio.

Bertelli Shines as Passer

Notre Dame teams always seem to do their best when they are winning one for somebody in the hospital—no matter whether it is the coach or a player or a professor of mathematics or the mother-in-law of one of the ushers in Section 34 of the South Bend stadium. So they went out on the field and stopped Lt. Col. Bierman's Iowa cadets cold to the tune of 28 to 0.

For the sake of the record, it might be well to add that Angelo Bertelli staged a great forward passing exhibition against the Navy, completing five out of nine in the first half for a total of 137 yards. He threw two of them dead into the hands of his receivers after being chased almost back into the State of Pennsylvania by Bierman's tacklers.

In the second half, Notre Dame smashed the Pre-Flight line to pieces so effectively that Bertelli didn't bother to use his pitching arm. The Leahy machine marched 80 yards and then 96 yards on two offensive drives for touchdowns without passing even once. Gerard Cowhig plunged over for both of those scores.

So that was how Leahy defeated Bierman's flying sailors while lying on his hospital bed. But how did he ruin Crowley's undefeated North Carolina record the same afternoon?

Well, before Leahy came to Notre Dame, he built up a football team at Boston College in 1940 that was probably one of the best gridiron aggregations of modern times. That team with Charlie O'Rourke (now of the Chicago Bears), Chet Gladchuck, Henry Toczylowski and Gene Goodreault defeated Col. Bob Neyland's last great Tennessee eleven in the Sugar Bowl.

Boston College Beats Crowley

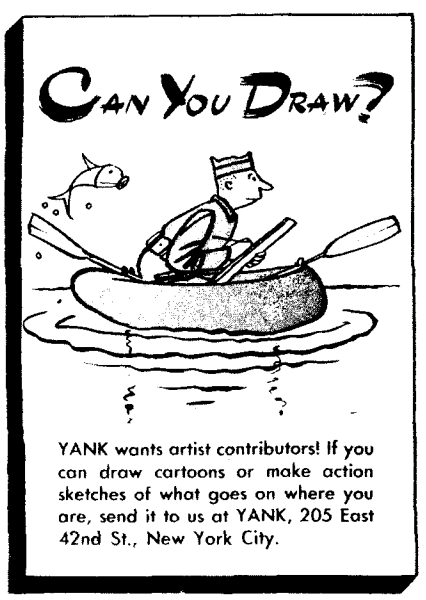
Some of the veterans of that 1940 club are still operating at B.C. under Denny Myers and two of them, Don Currivan and Mickey Connolly, formed a passing combination that spoiled the Chapel Hill Pre-Fight's ranking at the same time Notre Dame was licking the Iowa aviators.

Spectators at the Boston College-North Carolina Pre-Flight battle described it as the roughest, hardest-hitting game of the season. The Eagles scored early on a 45 yard passing play from Connolly to Currivan and then Crowley's sturdy Navy men, who think nothing of hiking four and a half hours on the morning of a game, settled down to wear out the young undergraduates. But Leahy's former pupils dished out more hard knocks than they received. The Pre-Flight team finally earned a touchdown on a blocked punt late in the game but missed the kick for the extra point and lost the decision, 7 to 6.

And that's why you can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that the two great Navy Pre-Flight elevens were both beaten on the same day by the same man, who happened to be lying on his back at the time in a sickbed at the Mayo Brothers Clinic.

Come back again some night before pay day when you're too broke to go out beering and I'll tell you how the University of South-

ern California track team and the Yale crew were both beaten the same day by the same man, Ty Cobb, who happened to be stealing third base at the time in Detroit. It was all done with mirrors.



YANK wants artist contributors! If you can draw cartoons or make action sketches of what goes on where you are, send it to us at YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF YANK, The Army Newspaper, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1942. State of New York, County of New York, ss: Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Major Franklin S. Forsberg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of YANK, The Army Newspaper, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, YANK, The Army Newspaper, War Department, U. S. Government, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Editor, Capt. Hartzell Spence, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Major Franklin S. Forsberg, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) War Department, United States Government, Washington, D. C.; Headquarters Detachment Special Service, U. S. Army; Officer in Charge, Lt. Col. Egbert White, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstance and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is not required. (This information is required from daily publications only.) Franklin S. Forsberg, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of October, 1942. (Seal.) GILBERT FELDBERG, Notary Public, N. Y. Co. Clks. No. 204, Reg. No. 4F110, Kings Co. Clks. No. 88, Reg. No. 4086. (Commission expires March 30, 1944.)

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ARMY BEATS COLUMBIA—Hasselman of the Lions (70) seems to be doing an interpretive dance instead of blocking Stahle (55) of West Point as Cadet Hennessy (84) breaks through and tackles the Columbia ball carrier, Paul Germann.

CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY—These two Pittsburgh tacklers, Durishan and Dillon, got confused and charged into each other instead of getting the opposition. No wonder Indiana managed to take this game from the Panthers, 19-7.

ALABAMA
54—S. W. La. In 0
21—Miss. State 6
27—Pen'cola Tr 0
8—Tennessee 0

ARMY
14—Lafayette 0
28—Cornell 8
34—Columbia 6

AUBURN
20—Chattanooga 7
0—Ga. Tech 15
27—Tulane 13
0—Florida 6
6—Georgetown 6

BAYLOR
68—Waco Flyers 0
6—Hardin-Sim's 13
18—Okla. A. & M. 12
20—Arkansas 7

BOSTON COLLEGE
33—West Virginia 0
14—Clemson 7
7—N. C. Pre-Fl 6

BROWN
28—Rhode Island 0
28—Columbia 21
7—Lafayette 0

CALIFORNIA
6—St. Mary's 0
8—Ore. State 13
6—Santa Clara 7
0—U.C.L.A. 21

CLEMSON
32—Presbyterian 13
0—V. M. I. 0
6—N. C. State 7
7—Boston College 14

COLGATE
49—St. Lawrence 0
18—Cornell 6
27—Dartmouth 19
0—Duke 34

COLUMBIA
39—Ft. Monmouth 0
34—Maine 2
21—Brown 28
6—Army 34

CORNELL
20—Lafayette 16
6—Colgate 18
8—Army 28
0—Penn State 0

DARTMOUTH
17—Holy Cross 6
58—Miami (O.) 7
19—Colgate 27
14—Harvard 2

DUKE
21—Davidson 0
7—Wake Forest 20
12—Ga. Pre-Fl 26
34—Colgate 0

DUQUESNE
26—Waynesburg 0
25—Holy Cross 0
33—Kansas State 0
6—No. Carolina 13

FLORIDA
7—Jacksonville Tr 20
45—Rand.-Macon 0
26—Tampa 6
6—Auburn 0
3—Villanova 13

FORDHAM
14—Purdue 7
14—Tennessee 40
0—No. Carolina 0
23—West Virginia 14

GEORGIA
7—Kentucky 6
14—Jacksonville Tr 0
40—Furman 7
48—Mississippi 13
40—Tulane 0

GEORGIA TECH
15—Auburn 0
13—Notre Dame 6
30—Chattanooga 12
33—Davidson 0

HARVARD
0—N. C. Pre-Fl 13
7—Penn 19
7—Wm. & Mary 7
2—Dartmouth 14

HOLY CROSS
6—Dartmouth 17
0—Duquesne 25
60—Ft. Totten 0
0—Syracuse 19

ILLINOIS
46—So. Dakota 0
67—Butler 0
20—Minnesota 13
12—Iowa 7

INDIANA
53—Butler 0
21—Ohio State 32
12—Nebraska 0
19—Pittsburgh 7

IOWA
26—Wash. (St. L.) 7
27—Nebraska 0
0—Great Lakes 25
33—Camp Grant 16
7—Illinois 12

KANSAS
0—Marquette 14
0—Iowa Pre-Fl 61
0—Denver 17
6—T. C. U. 41
0—Oklahoma 25

KENTUCKY
6—Georgia 7
35—Xavier (O.) 19
53—W. and L. 0
6—Vanderbilt 7
21—Va. Tech 21

LOUISIANA STATE
40—La. St. Normal 0
16—Tex. A. & M. 7
14—Rice 27
16—Miss. State 6
21—Mississippi 7

MICHIGAN
9—Great Lakes 0
20—Mich. State 0
14—Iowa Pre-Fl 26
34—Northwestern 16

MINNESOTA
50—Pittsburgh 7
6—Iowa Pre-Fl 7
13—Illinois 20
15—Nebraska 2

MISS. STATE
35—Union 2
6—Alabama 21
6—L. S. U. 16
33—Vanderbilt 0

MISSOURI
31—Ft. Riley 0
38—St. Louis 7
26—Colorado 13
9—Wisconsin 17
46—Kansas State 2

NAVY
0—Wm. & Mary 3
35—Virginia 0
0—Princeton 10
13—Yale 6

NEBRASKA
26—Iowa State 0
0—Iowa 27
0—Indiana 12
2—Minnesota 15

NORTH CAROLINA
6—Wake Forest 0
18—So. Carolina 6
0—Fordham 0
13—Duquesne 6

NORTHWESTERN
12—Iowa Pre-Fl 20
3—Texas 0
6—Purdue 7
16—Michigan 34

NOTRE DAME
7—Wisconsin 7
6—Ga. Tech 13
27—Stanford 0
28—Iowa Pre-Fl 0

OHIO STATE
59—Ft. Knox 0
32—Indiana 21
28—So. Calif. 12
26—Purdue 0

OKLAHOMA
0—Okla. A. & M. 0
0—Tulsa 23
0—Texas 7
25—Kansas 0

OREGON
9—Calif. Pre-Fl 10
0—Wash. State 7
7—Washington 15

OREGON STATE
32—Idaho 0
13—California 8
7—U. C. L. A. 30
0—Santa Clara 7

PENNSYLVANIA
6—Ga. Pre-Fl 14
19—Harvard 7
35—Yale 6
6—Princeton 6

PITTSBURGH
7—Minnesota 50
20—S. M. U. 7
6—Great Lakes 7
7—Indiana 19

PRINCETON
20—Lakehurst Tr 6
7—Williams 19
10—Navy 0
6—Penn 6

PURDUE
7—Fordham 14
0—Vanderbilt 26
7—Northwestern 6
0—Ohio State 26

SANTA CLARA
12—Utah 0
14—Stanford 6
7—California 6
7—Oregon State 0

SO. CALIFORNIA
13—Tulane 27
0—Washington 0
12—Ohio State 28
26—Wash. State 12

SO. METHODIST
26—No. Texas T. 7
7—Pittsburgh 20
6—Hardin-Sim's 7
6—Temple 6

STANFORD
0—Wash. State 6
6—Santa Clara 14
0—Notre Dame 27
54—Idaho 7

SYRACUSE
58—Clarkson 6
25—Boston U. 0
13—Western Res. 0
19—Holy Cross 0

TEMPLE
0—Georgetown 7
7—V. M. I. 6
7—Bucknell 7
6—So. Methodist 6

TENNESSEE
0—So. Carolina 0
40—Fordham 14
34—Dayton 6
0—Alabama 3

TEXAS
40—Corpus Christi 0
64—Kansas State 0
0—Northwestern 3
7—Oklahoma 0
47—Arkansas 6

TEXAS A. & M.
7—L. S. U. 16
19—Texas Tech 0
7—Corpus Christi 18
2—T. C. U. 7

TULANE
27—So. California 13
13—Auburn 27
18—Rice 7
0—Georgia 40

U. C. L. A.
6—T. C. U. 7
7—Calif. Pre-Fl 18
30—Oregon State 7
21—California 0

VANDERBILT
52—Tenn. Tech 0
26—Purdue 0
7—Kentucky 6
0—Miss. State 33

WASHINGTON
27—Coll.-Pacific 0
0—So. Calif. 0
15—Oregon 7
35—Montana 0

WASH. STATE
6—Stanford 0
7—Oregon 0
68—Montana 16
12—So. California 26

WISCONSIN
7—Camp Grant 0
7—Notre Dame 7
35—Marquette 7
17—Missouri 9
13—Great Lakes 7

YALE
33—Lehigh 6
6—Pennsylvania 35
6—Navy 13

Fight Champs In Service Have Titles Safeguarded

PATERSON, N. J.—Boxing titles belonging to champions in the armed forces will be frozen for the duration.

"A man in service is entitled to complete protection of his championship under all circumstances until he is able to defend it," says Abe Green, president of the National Boxing Association.

Meanwhile, eliminations are being planned to create civilian champions of divisions where the champions are wearing khaki or blue. Joe Louis of the Army, Gus Lesnevich of the Coast Guard, Tony Zale and Freddy Cochrane of the Navy are affected by the ruling.

SONNENBERG JOINS NAVY

CHICAGO — Gus Sonnenberg, who introduced the "Flying Tackle" to wrestling, has been sworn into the Navy as a chief specialist in the athletic branch.

Army, Boston College, Illinois, T. C. U., Santa Clara Undefeated

NEW YORK—With more and more undefeated teams getting knocked off, the college football picture becomes a little clearer. It's easy to name the sectional leaders as this issue goes to press after the fourth week of the season because there are not many of them left.

In the East, the only major undefeated teams are Boston College and West Point. While the Eagles were edging Jimmy Crowley's North Carolina Navy Pre-Flighters, 7-6, and Earl Blaik's cadets were mangling Columbia, 34-6, the supposedly immortal Pennsylvania eleven was being held to a humiliating 6-6 tie by Princeton and Duquesne was beaten by North Carolina, 13-6.

Sinkwich Still Shines

Down in the South, Frankie Sinkwich, easily the player of the year, passed and ran Tulane dizzy as Georgia stayed in the top flight with 40-0 victory. Georgia Tech and Alabama also ride high below the Mason and Dixon line with triumphs over Davidson and Tennessee.

In the Southwest, Texas Christian is the only team unbeaten in intersectional competition and therefore the only contender for national recognition. The latest Horned Frog accomplishment was a 7-2 decision over Texas A. and M., a hard-fought struggle that saw neither team advancing beyond the opposite 40-yard line for the first half.

Even though T.C.U. rates nationally, Rice and Texas are also unbeaten within the conference and stand a chance of winning the sectional title.

In the Mid-West, Illinois, Ohio State and Wisconsin are still fighting it out. Ohio's newest win was a 26-0 shellacking of Purdue while the surprising Illinois eleven stopped Iowa, 12-7, standing off one late drive on its four-yard line.

Alex Agase, the Illinois guard who scored twice against Minnesota, also played a prominent part in the Iowa affair. He set the stage for one touchdown by blocking a Hawkeye punt.

Wisconsin maintained its clean slate by beating the strong Great Lakes Naval Training Station eleven with one of the most spectacular plays of the season. Jack Wink, Wisconsin's sophomore halfback, intercepted a pass behind his own goal line, twisted through the sailor defenses and ran 101 yards for the winning touchdown.

Out on the Pacific Coast, Washington State, the only remaining undefeated conference outfit, was brushed aside by Southern California, 26-12. Outside the conference, Santa Clara is still tops with wins over Utah, Stanford, California and Oregon State.

If there is a Rose Bowl game this year, the Western candidate will be either Southern California or U.C.L.A. Using a new variation of the "T" formation called the "QT," U.C.L.A. surged to a 21-0 win over California last week. The Bruins have been beaten by Texas Christian and the St. Mary's Pre-Flight School but nobody in the conference has threatened them yet.

Mrs. and Mr. BUDDY HASSETT — The Yankee first baseman takes a bride. She used to dance at the Hollywood Restaurant, New York.

The Pinkertons Made Albert's Face Pink

New York—"They can't do that to me," Albert Levey yelled when the Pinkertons tossed him out of Belmont Park race track.

So he took the matter to court. He got himself a good lawyer and asked $100,000 damages. The court ruled that Levey, who described himself as a professional bettor, was perfectly justified. And just to prove it they awarded him damages—of one cent.

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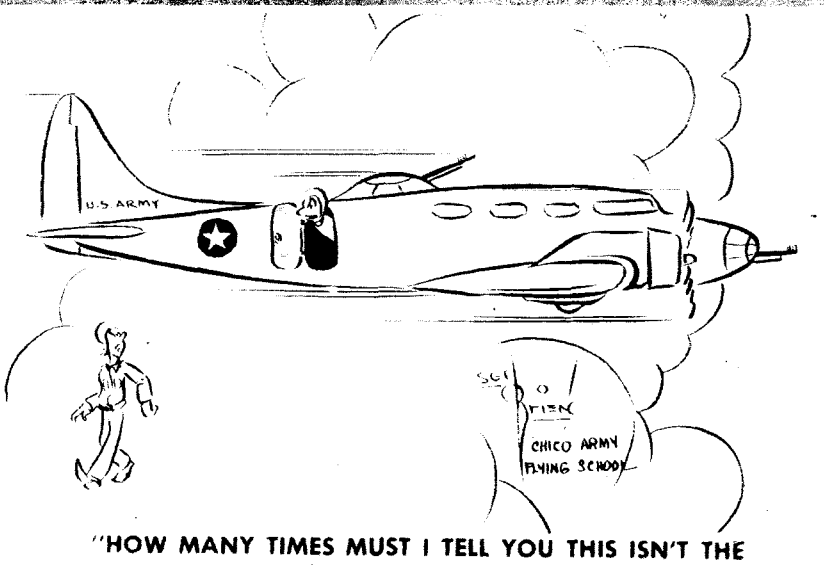
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"TELL 36 HE DIDN'T HAVE TO GET HUFFY ABOUT IT!"

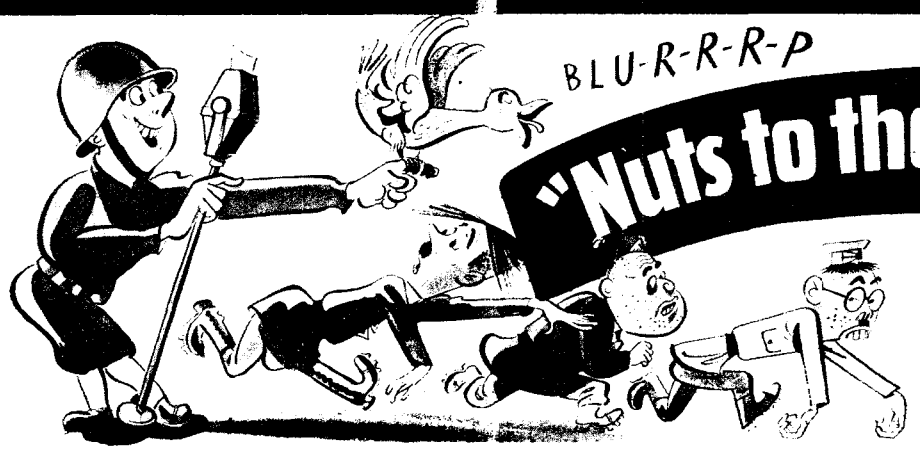


"HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU THIS ISN'T THE DOOR TO THE CAN?"

"IT WILL BE JUST OUR LUCK THAT THE JAPS WILL NEVER BOMB US, AND THAT WILL MEAN ALL THIS WORK FOR NOTHING!"

NOW you can tell the Axis Big Shots what you think of 'em!

ENTER "Nuts to the Axis" Contest. YANK will broadcast the winning messages.



"Nuts to the Axis" CONTEST

100 FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO YANK

HERE'S HOW

1. Clip the coupon and fill it in with your name, serial number and Army address. You must use one of these coupons in order to enter the contest.

2. Write a message to Hitler, to Mussolini or to Tojo on one of the subjects listed at the right. The message can be anywhere from 10 to 200 words and must be in suitable language for publication and broadcasting. (We know it's a tough order, soldier, but no cussing!)

3. Mail your message with the coupon to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York before midnight, Dec. 10, 1942. "V" mail's a good bet if you're overseas.

"NUTS TO THE AXIS" CONTEST closes midnight, Dec. 10, 1942. All letters must be postmarked on or before that date.

TAKE YOUR PICK

1. I'll Be Seein' You!
2. Here's What I'm Fighting For
3. My Father Did It in 1918
4. Doolittle Was Only the Beginning
5. If I Had You in My Squad
6. I've Got a Better Idea—Here it is: (Write on your own subject if you prefer.)

That's all there is to it. You don't have to be a professional writer or a college professor. Literary style won't mean a thing. If your "Nuts to the Axis" message is judged one of the 100 most original by YANK's staff of enlisted men, you will receive a free six-month subscription, your name will be printed in YANK, and your message will be eligible for broadcasting to all parts of the world. By the way—yardbirds from Iceland to Australia will be able to hear it, too.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON

Call your shots! I'M ADDRESSING MY SHORTWAVE MESSAGE TO:

Hitler ☐ Musso ☐ Tojo ☐

Full name and rank A.S.N.

Army Address

If You Prefer Not to Have Your Name Used, Check Here ☐

SHORTWAVE FACILITIES WILL BE PROVIDED THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF THE OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION.

All together now, boys: **NUTS TO THE AXIS!**

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